

THE DERBY

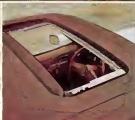
Sports Illustrated

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A third door in the rear gives full access to the luggage area. Fold-down rear seating increases luggage capacity to a very useful—and completely flat—22.6 cu. ft. Flat because no spare tire is in sight. It's under the load space. The engine is new—a gas-conscious 2.3 litre overhead cam four with solid state ignition. In government EPA tests, this engine with standard transmission averaged 27 mpg under highway conditions; 18 mpg under city conditions.

The Capri II 3-Door Sport Coupe.

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And it's quite a road car. Just consider a few highlights among Capri II's ride and handling components: rack & pinion steering, steel-belted radials on styled steel wheels, power front disc brakes, 4-speed shift, and a rear suspension that has been improved with four-leaf springs and a 2-inch wider track than its predecessor. As in every Capri II, Flo-Thru ventilation changes the air more than twice every minute. Very thorough. Very German.

The Capri II Decor Group option.

The Decor Group option has its own distinctive sew pattern for the embossed vinyl. The gear shift is mounted on a low profile console. The steering wheel rim

is molded in black vinyl. The two bucket seats in front are fully reclining. The two individually contoured rear seats have backs that fold forward separately. You can seat two back there—or just one, with room for his luggage.

The Capri II Ghia.

The luxurious Ghia offers you a choice of two sexy interiors: a new soft, ribbed nylon cloth, or an embossed vinyl. There are front buckets and individually folding rear seat backs, as in the Decor Group. A full console houses an electric clock and roomy storage compartment. The steering wheel is wrapped in leather, the instruments are clustered in a wood-tone panel, and the maplight is completely adjustable. The Ghia's standard wheels are cast aluminum and 5½ inches wide.

Power steering. And other options.

Capri II's standard rack & pinion steering can now be augmented with optional power steering to help you ease into tight parking spaces. The 2.8 litre overhead valve V-6 is interesting from two standpoints. It's gutsier, obviously. And it comes in a car with a whole spectrum of modifications: heavier duty suspension, larger brakes and clutch, wider steel belted radials, more cooling capacity. Automatic transmission is also optional. So are 5½ inch aluminum wheels (standard on Ghia.) Other options include built-in air conditioning, rear-window defroster, and a rear-window washer-wiper set.

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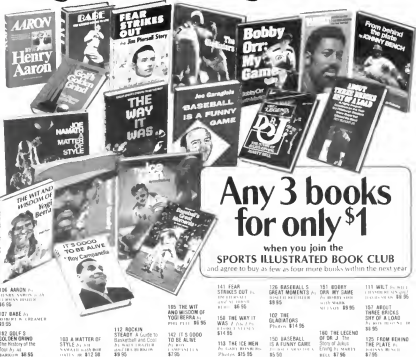
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Cover photograph by Jerry Cooke

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Next Week

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SOMETHING SPECIAL is what Billie Jean King decided to be years ago. And that is what she has become: not only in tennis and in sport but in the world beyond the sidelines. Frank Deford reveals a remarkable woman.

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How much do you know about car leasing?

True False

- | | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|--|
| ☐ | ☐ | 1. Leasing is for corporations, not individuals. |
| ☐ | ☐ | 2. Leasing is good for people who use their cars for business. |
| ☐ | ☐ | 3. Leasing is complicated. |
| ☐ | ☐ | 4. Leasing is merely another way to get a car. |
| ☐ | ☐ | 5. When you lease you don't have to come up with a down payment. |
| ☐ | ☐ | 6. Leasing is always more expensive than buying. |
| ☐ | ☐ | 7. This year over 500,000 individuals will lease their cars. |
| ☐ | ☐ | 8. Leasing is for everyone. |

#1 is false. Leasing is for individuals, families and small companies as well as for big corporations.

And yes, leasing is good for people who use their cars for business. Because it gives them a new car to drive every two years or so, lets them project their total car expenses and keep accurate records for tax purposes.

Leasing complicated? False. Because #4 is true. Leasing is merely another way to get the car of your choice. Often a more convenient way. Without coming up with a down payment. Making #5 also true.

And speaking of money, #6 is false. The cost of leasing varies with the type of lease and its length. Leasing can be less expensive than buying.

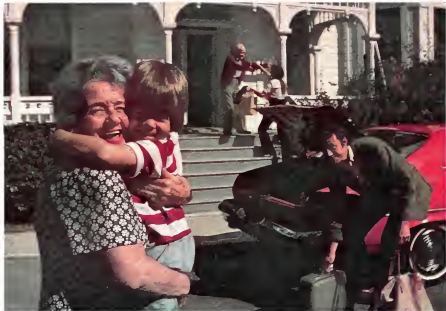
In fact, leasing is such a smart idea that, yes, #7 is true. Over 500,000 people will lease their personal cars this year. Will you be one of them?

Find out by talking with a local member of Chrysler Leasing System. He's in the Yellow Pages under "Auto Renting and Leasing." Or see most any Chrysler-Plymouth or Dodge dealer.

He can answer your questions about leasing. And help you decide if leasing is right for you. Or not.

Because—even though it would be a nice conclusion to reach—to be perfectly honest, #8 is false. Leasing is not for everybody. But maybe it's for you.





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"Bright Spot" isn't one hundred percent accurate, but it does make Standard's oil and gas search more efficient than ever before.

And that's a bright spot in Bobby's future.



Standard Oil Company

Shopwalk

by MELISSA LUDTKE

GOOD NEWS IN THE WIND: A SURE WAY TO GAUGE GUSTS IN TRACK AND FIELD

It used to be easy to know which way the wind was blowing. Public buildings, shops and homes were topped by weather vanes, prancing horses, crowing roosters, silhouetted ladies of liberty and whirlygigs with swinging arms. Of course, the first and handiest gauge of a breeze was the sailor's finger, moistened and raised to the wind.

Modern methods are more complex, particularly when wind velocity must be determined, and most particularly at track and field. If a record is to stand, the rate of a favoring wind must not exceed an average of 2.0 meters per second.

At track meets anemometers (wind gauges) are placed roughly at the midway point of the straightaway or runway and come in a variety of styles ranging from a weather

vane with rotating cups to a cylinder enclosing a set of vanes, shaped like propellers, and connected to a meter outside.

The wind gauge is used for the dashes, the high hurdles, long jump and triple jump. It is activated at the start or during the event and registers the velocity of wind during a designated time—i.e., 10 seconds for the 100-meter dash, five seconds for the long jump. With most gauges, to compute the average velocity the total velocity registered is divided by the designated time accorded each event. However, with some gauges the operator has to use a stopwatch to arrive at the time, and the readings, therefore, are subject to human error.

In a two-day period in the 1968 Olympic Games world records were established in the women's 200 meters, the triple jump and the long jump, in which Bob Beamon leaped 29' 2½", a distance never approached by him or by any other jumper to this day. The wind readings during all three records measured exactly 2.0 meters per second, the uppermost limit of a favoring wind. Ben Nelson, the editor and publisher of *Track and Field News*, says, "The odds against this coincidence are incredibly long." Many experts believe that the difficulty in reading the gauges and the

exuberance of the moment *may have* combined to give a faulty wind speed.

Bill Alley, a former U.S. Olympic javelin thrower, who recalls other instances where wind readings were highly suspect, has come up with a wind gauge that eliminates human error. His device is encased in a lucite tube. The vanes are visible, rotating on a jewel bearing, which is a more exact element than the drive train shaft and gears used in the other gauges. In the Alley model, wind velocity is computed and averaged automatically, the dial stopping and locking at the conclusion of the race. Furthermore, the device has an electronic printout; one model simply showing the wind measurement, the other providing a digital breakdown of wind and time.

Alley's gauge is called Model 447. In terms of miles per hour (rather than meters per second) 447 is the allowable limit of a favoring wind. Marketed by Research Engineering Corp. in Morrisville, Vt., it was used during the 1972 U.S. Olympic Trials. It will almost certainly be used in the 1976 Montreal Games. The cost of the metered model is \$400. The digital with numeric printout sells for \$1,500. Such is the price when man no longer lifts a finger. **END**

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BOOKTALK

by FRANK DEFORD

TENNIS IS THE CAT'S MEOW, AND TRADE MAGAZINES ARE CLAWING FOR READERS

Notwithstanding the famous Public Wars between *Playboy* and *Penthouse*, the rawest magazine combat now raging is between *World Tennis* and *Tennis*. The latter, a polished upstart, has tripled its circulation in the past two years and paved WT, and now barely trails in advertising pages as well. *World Tennis*, the somnambulant leader for years, has at last stirred itself by easing founder Gladys Heldman upstairs (nobody would dare kick Ms. Heldman), hiring additional staff and shifting headquarters from the Texas outback to the New York firing line. This isn't a couple of nickel-and-dime journals scuffling, but patros for two huge armies clashing, with prestige the prize. *The New York Times* purchased *Tennis* two years ago and CBS bought WT shortly thereafter.

World Tennis was created two decades ago as a magazine to be written by the players. Despite this monstrous handicap, the indomitable Heldman kept it afloat with an informative mishmash of letters to home, recollections, playing tips, the latest tournament romances and the endless and tedious adventures of the editor's seat—all arranged pretty much at random. The potpourri "Around the World" column featured the most incredible juxtapositions, like, "The Australians won the Davis Cup again. Top-ranked John Jones was seen holding hands with third-seeded girl Bootsie Smith at the Western Juniors. Jack Kramer signed the world's top 28 amateurs to pro contracts. That was seven-

which frankly prides itself on being a "service magazine," cashed in on the sport's wide-eyed novices.

Tennis still concentrates its best energies on its lucid instructional portfolios, although it sometimes panders shamelessly to the ho-hum. A recent fully illustrated article explained how to open a can of balls. But *Tennis'* design and graphics are first-rate, and while editorially it can get a little gimmicky (a Ms. Tennis contest, for God's sake), it is not afraid to chance new approaches. *Tennis* makes especially good use of tournament previews, which serve the reader much bet-

World Tennis

ter than do detailed accounts of matches that appear weeks, even months, after they have taken place, often on national TV.

World Tennis still has a choppy layout, but its young editor, Ron Bookman, the former PR chief for Lamar Hunt's World Championship of Tennis, has rounded the other edges, belled the cat and, of all things, turned it into a writers' magazine. WT features the three top British tennis writers—Richard Evans, Rex Bellamy and David Gray—a fine young American, Mike Lupica, and the sovereign and ubiquitous Arthur (Bud) Collins, who has become sort of the Third World of tennis all by himself. Against this array, *Tennis* offers only Barry Long as a distinctive regular contributor. Of course, the belief that tennis players can contribute artfully on the written word does hard at WT, and a few painful looking-back-on-my-summer-vacation efforts still surface. Nonetheless, it can be said, *World Tennis* is written, *Tennis* produced.

More important than the differences, it's rather amazing that a relatively small specialty audience should be treated to two quality magazines. The underlying reason is that they fill a need in a burgeoning market. Despite the obvious evidence, the hardball old newspaper sports editors have not yet caught on to tennis' rising and broadening popularity and give it the most antiquated, neglectful attention. Even *The New York Times'* coverage of tennis is insipid, and nowhere in the country are there writers like Al Lane, of the old New York *Herald Tribune*, and Allison Danzig, now long retired from the *Times*, who were both craftsmen and analysts. Most curious of all, while the interest in women's tennis could bring a whole new readership to the sports pages, editors have not been perceptive enough to exploit it. The tennis monthlies may look good simply because, day in, day out, they have the courts to themselves. **END**

tennis

doubles champ Nick Thomas resting at the Caribe Hilton Tennis Ball ... And so on, deuce, your ad, deuce.

The tennis community was one big extended family then, and those few subscribers who did not know the editor's cat positively shied for an introduction, the letter-run magazine was engaging and just right for its time. Then, in 1965, a Chicago children's book editor, Asher Birnbaum, started a regional tennis monthly. About the same time Heldman's interest began to waver as she became the doyenne of the sport—she practically invented women's tennis, as we know it now—and Birnbaum's slicker little number began to catch on. When "by my dumb luck" tennis boomed, Birnbaum's *Tennis*,



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ART TALK

by LEWIS GRIZZARD

ACES AND ACRYLICS—AN EXHIBITION OF DIFFERENT STROKES FOR DIFFERENT FOLKS

So there we all were, maybe a couple thousand of us, sipping our choice of a recession champagne or an equally indelicate rose, watching two perspiring Australians, John Alexander and Phil Dent, sweat tennis balls inside the narrow-gauge confines of the main gallery of Atlanta's Memorial Arts Center. The only brush with injury came when an errant overhead smash found the champagne band of a matronly sort in purple chiffon standing at court-side. After a proper squeal she and everyone else settled down to "An Evening with Tennis and the Arts," staged by a fashionable local club owned by World Championship Tennis. The idea was to sell club memberships and encourage well-bred to support the WCT road show when it came to town.

To give the affair further credence, Wayland Moore, Atlanta's up-and-coming arti-

ist, was invited to show and sell tennis sketches and canvases. Moore offered a range from Ruggs-King (*Löbber vs. Löbber*, \$2,500) to limited edition prints at \$40 apiece.

The main gallery provided just enough open floor space for a roseate court and spectators, four and five deep, on either side. Oghers peered down from the mezzanine. Despite the close quarters, Alexander and Dent went at it straight up, courageously retrieving shots that skipped close to the audience with deft ground strokes. "At least you could lob," said Alexander, victorious in a tie breaker. "I've played tournaments where the ceiling was lower."

Meanwhile, Moore was also viewing the evening as risky business. He worried that his work would be upstaged. But it drew considerable attention. Moore is teetering on the edge of fame as a sports artist, "Four games out of first place behind league-leading LeRoy Neuman," as one friend puts it.

After serving as a package designer in South Carolina and a political cartoonist in Florida, where he was nominated for a Pulitzer, Moore became graphics director of the Atlanta Braves. He maintains that position on a retainer basis, probably the only artist-

in-residence of a sports franchise. A commission by the Astrodome to render the official Ruggs-King portrait was, he thought, his ticket to the big time. But he was unable to present his canvas to the winner as planned because ABC ran out of air time.

Moore's work hangs in galleries in Houston, Los Angeles and Atlanta. His style has been described as somewhere between Neuman and a Nikon. He one-ups Neuman with his ability to convey motion and exhibits perfect lineal control. "Wayland's strong point is his realism," a Houston gallery owner said at the Atlanta show. "His talent is to capture the moment without freezing it."

While Neuman is a study in gaudy urbanity, Moore, who was born in Belton, S.C. 39 years ago, is a Good Old Boy who gets a kick out of shooting the white water rapids on Georgia's treacherous Chattooga River and canoeing through the Okefenokee.

By the time Alexander and Dent had finished their one-set exhibition, Moore had sold eight pieces and was satisfied. "All I really want," he had said, "is to achieve enough notoriety so that people will listen and put faith in what I have to say."

That "and a new sailboat."

END

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SCORECARD

Edited by SARAH PILGOLD

DOUBLES FAULT

When World Championship Tennis scheduled its 1975 doubles championship in Mexico City, it had the foresight to obtain from the Mexican government a letter of agreement stating that no player would be barred from the tournament. Nevertheless, last week defending champions Frew McMillan and Bob Hewitt, both residents of South Africa, were forced to leave Mexico under circumstances reminiscent of an old spy movie.

A few hours after he checked into a Mexico City hotel, Hewitt was awakened by Mexican immigration officials and told to pack up immediately. His request to see the Australian ambassador (he travels on an Australian passport) or a WCT official was ignored. He was escorted to an airport motel, where, according to WCT's George Pharr, "his phone was dismantled, and he shared a room with two immigration officers who slept, snoring, in the other bed."

Meanwhile, McMillan, his wife and two children were detained by customs officials at the airport and then taken to the same motel. McMillan's pleas for assistance were similarly denied and a few hours later the McMillans and Hewitt were on board an American Airlines flight for Dallas.

The Mexican government, which last January ruled that its Davis Cup squad could not compete with teams from countries that practice *apartheid*, said both men were in Mexico illegally, that they were traveling on tourist permits and that therefore they could not attempt to earn the \$30,000 prize money.

The WCT hurriedly replaced the deposed champions with Vijay and Anand Amritraj. It also gathered together \$35,000 in additional prize money and scheduled a "world doubles final" for May 12 in Dallas—the Mexico winners against McMillan and Hewitt. All players involved supported the move.

Arthur Ashe observed to *World Tennis* magazine after the incident, "With the exception of 18 million black South

Africans, no one is more anti-apartheid than I. I am all for pressure on South Africa, and lots of it, but I draw the line at the shotgun approach."

MILESTONED

Ben Jipcho of Kenya is thinking big. He envisions a dream mile with a huge purse divided this way: 25% to the winner, 25% to the rest of the field and 50% for a world record. And if there were no world record the promoter of the race could keep that 50%.

"I see myself against the best in the world," mused Jipcho the other day. "Liquori, Bays, even Wente and Wohlfuter and Ryun, plus the first three in the 1976 Olympic 1,500 meters, and a rabbit or two to step up the pace, and any other miler who comes up between now and next summer. It won't be a slow, tactical race because the major prize will be for a world record. It should be held outdoors with many thousands in the stands. With television, too. That will bring in a lot of money, no?"

Suppose no one sets a world record?

"Don't worry," said a smiling Jipcho.

"I will do it."

NEXT CASE

The Bureaucracy in Action award, a spool of red tape, will have to be shared this week by the AAU and the NCAA. The first half goes to the AAU committee that decided that Dwight Stones' world-record high jump of 7'5½ at Madison Square Garden in February will not be approved because Stones has not taken out an AAU membership card this season.

The other half is for the NCAA body that suspended two Cornhusker football players from Nebraska's opening game against LSU in September for having permitted themselves to be taken to the Sugar Bowl and seated on the bench in uniform, even though as transfer students they were not eligible to play. There had been no intention of their playing, but merely going to the game was

apparently a violation of an NCAA rule.

"The players were totally blameless," protested Coach Tom Osborne. "I told that to three separate NCAA committees. I said that if somebody should pay the price, I should. At least I had a rule book."

GOOD FIELD, NO HIT

An astonishing feat has come to light, somewhat belatedly. It seems that on Sunday, April 13 at New York's Shea Stadium, Willie Horton of the Tigers came to bat in the top of the seventh and popped one up foul to the right of home plate. The ball drifted back into the stands and was caught by Tim Kelly, 13, of Harrison, N.Y., who had brought along his glove, just in case.

In the bottom half of the same inning the Yankees' Walt Williams foul-tipped one into the same area of the stands, and guess who caught it? Tim Kelly.

"Everyone gave me a big hand after I caught the first ball," said Kelly. "But I got a lot of bad looks and a few boos after I held up both balls."



Moral: if you've got it, flaunt it, but if you've got two, sit down.

ADVANTAGE, NOBODY

The Association of Tennis Professionals has demanded that sudden death, the nine-point tie breaker invented by Jimmy Van Allen and introduced at Forest Hills by Bill Talbert in 1970, be abolished at this year's U.S. Open. Unhappily, the International Lawn Tennis Federation has agreed. Instead, the 12-point tie

Continued



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breaker—"lingering death," as Van Alen calls it—will be used, a procedure that theoretically could go on forever, and often seems to. The players consider the 12-pointer fairer, but it lacks the drama of sudden death.

"With sudden death, tennis has a finish line," says Talbert. "The real problem is, the players lack courage."

Tough luck, fans.

BANNED NEAR BOSTON

There is a man we know who swims 250 miles a year. For 11 months he swims up and down the 25 yards of a YMCA pool in New York. But for one month each summer he does his swimming in a lonely pond in the pine woods near Truro on Massachusetts' Cape Cod. The pond is about a mile and a quarter in circumference and the man, observed only by his dog, plows around its edge, naked and content in his isolation.

The pond near the town of Truro is part of the Cape Cod National Seashore and, because of that fact, beginning this summer our solitary swimmer will probably become an outlaw. The National Park Service, in response to complaints of residents of Truro, has outlawed nudity everywhere in the 28,000-acre Seashore. The irony of the situation is that no one, neither the Park Service nor the townspeople, objects to nudity. The real target of the new regulation is the sharply rising population density at a sheltered and unsupervised stretch of Truro ocean beach called Brush Hollow, or Free Beach.

Nude sunbathing has been quietly tolerated on Cape Cod for many years, but its increasing popularity led last summer to stories about Free Beach in newspapers and magazines. As a result, Truro became Mecca for bare bathers from the length of the Cape. Between Aug. 15 and Sept. 6, a Seashore ranger assigned to the task counted a daily average of 500 to 600 naked people at Free Beach with the high, 1,200, on Aug. 25.

So many people meant almost as many cars, traffic problems, trespassing on private property and damage to the fragile ecology of the giant dunes that line the shore of the upper Cape.

Dexter M. Keezer, a former college president who moved to Truro in 1971, is a spokesman for the Truro Neighborhood Association, which favors the ban. "You're cast in the role of wanting to stop people from taking off their

clothes," says Keezer, "but that's not the point. If the town is inundated by people the way it was last summer, it will be well on its way to destruction."

Enforcing the nudity ban, if it can be enforced at all, will cost at least \$31,000 this summer. And the penalty for anyone over the age of 10 being caught without "opaque covering" could be as much as \$200 and six months in jail.

And what of our lonely swimmer in his sylvan retreat? He will either have to cover up, or concede to himself the possibility that under Massachusetts law he is in the same category with "stubborn children, runaways, common night walkers . . . raulers and brawlers" and other such public nuisances.

COMMISH WITH A MISSION

Larry O'Brien will be the new commissioner of the NBA and we wish him well, though his selection as successor to Walter Kennedy, after much huffing and puffing by the owners, is something of a letdown. Aside from the fact that he was born in Springfield, Mass., where the game was invented, O'Brien's connections with basketball are nil.

Rather than choosing someone from within the sport (Deputy Commissioner Simon Gourdine comes easily to mind), the owners have apparently agreed on what they think they want: a \$150,000-a-year lobbyist whose job is to persuade Congressmen and others of the righteousness of the NBA's position on such matters as the reserve clause and possible merger with the ABA. Lobbyists may be all right in their way but it is not encouraging that one of our major professional leagues should now be headed by one of them.

LOADING UP

Spaghetti for lunch, rice and potatoes for supper, pancakes and toast for breakfast. It sounds like a weight-gaining regimen for a sumo wrestler. In fact, it is the hottest precompetition diet fad of that skinniest of all athletes, the marathon runner. On the eve of last month's Boston Marathon, restaurants in the city's Italian North End did a booming trade in pasta dishes, and at the Trail's End Marathon in Seaside, Ore. in February, local restaurants advertised special "Marathon Meals" of spaghetti and pancakes.

High carbohydrate foods help the body synthesize glycogen, the form in which the muscles store their fuel, glu-

cose. The Carbohydrate-Loading Diet was developed in Sweden in the late '60s by an exercise physiologist named Erik Hultman, who was working with cross-country skiers. Hultman's aim was to enable the skiers to build up extra reserves of glycogen and thus forestall the point, usually reached after about two hours of continuous exercise, at which muscles exhaust their fuel supply and experience the stiffness and cramps of "glycogen death." Hultman found that by draining the muscles of most of their glycogen a few days before the competition through strenuous exercise and a low carbohydrate diet, and then shifting to all-out carbohydrate-loading immediately before a meet, skiers could boost their glycogen reserves to two or even three times their normal levels.

Word of carbohydrate-loading reached this country at about the time of the 1972 Olympics. Since then the practice has been gaining currency among diet-obsessed marathon runners. Experimenting with the diet under controlled circumstances, a researcher in running-mad Oregon concluded that efficient carbohydrate-loading can take as much as 10 to 12 minutes off an average marathoner's time.

Olympic marathon champion Frank Shorter, who last year said he thought that marathoners tended instinctively to eat more carbohydrates before a race (SI, April 1, 1974), now says he is considering carbohydrate-loading.

"It might be worth another three minutes," he says.

THEY SAID IT

• Jim Schoenfeld, 22, Buffalo Sabres defenseman, on Montreal's Henri Richard, 39: "He really ought to dye his hair. It's embarrassing to find yourself tangling with a gray-haired man."

• Danny Murtaugh, Pirates manager, on why he doesn't like to call up players from Pittsburgh's Charleston farm club: "When I take players from Charleston, they take players from Deptford Mines, and my son manages Deptford Mines."

• Grover Collins, a truck driver from Soddy-Daisy, Tenn., who last month won the world's first annual butter-bean-eating contest: "When you're the champion, there's always some upstart gunning to shoot you down."

• Pete Rose, asked how marriage has affected Johnny Bench: "He's hitting about .240."

END

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Sports Illustrated

MAY 12, 1979

WHAT



A PLEASURE!

Defily threading his way through a jumbled, bumping field, Foolish Pleasure reced home first in the Kentucky Derby, pleasing the public that made him the favorite and refuting critics who doubted his stamina **by WHITNEY TOWER**



CONTINUED

Among his friends in Knoxville, Tenn., twinkle-eyed, 77-year-old John Lawson Greer, owner of Foolish Pleasure, is known as a highly amusing after-dinner raconteur and a loyal supporter of the First Baptist Church. According to a story that Greer tells, when a deacon of the church once wondered aloud whether contributions from the horse owner could be tainted in the eyes of the Lord because they might have come from racing, another churchman rushed to his defense. The money was most welcome, he said, "The only thing wrong is, 'taint enough."

This week, if Greer's generosity continues and reflects his racing success, the house of worship conceivably could be renamed the John L. Greer First Baptist Church, for the prosperous banker and baker took home a check for \$209,600 from Churchill Downs after Foolish Pleasure humbled his critics—and there were many—and 14 rivals to score a superb victory in the 101st Kentucky Derby.

"I don't know why Foolish Pleasure shouldn't now be accepted as a great colt," said Greer after the race, obviously reacting to the doubts about the horse's true quality so often expressed by racing experts in the days and weeks preceding the Derby. These flowered after Foolish Pleasure finished third to Derby Dan Farm's Prince Thou Art and Syl-

van Place in the Florida Derby, the only defeat he has ever suffered, and persisted after his hard-pressed victory over Bombay Duck in the Wood Memorial. Referring to the foot injuries Foolish Pleasure incurred in the Florida race, Greer said, "After all, he overcame difficulties that a lesser horse wouldn't have."

Greer is right. In becoming only the third Florida-bred to win the Kentucky Derby (Needles and Carry Back were the others), the grandson of Bold Ruler and Tom Fool established himself as a legitimate champion. Even when he won all seven of his races as a 2-year-old, he was not accepted without reservation, and after his loss in the mile-and-an-eighth Florida Derby the critics shook their heads and said he would not last the extra furlong of the mile and a quarter at Churchill Downs. His victory in the Wood, also at a mile and an eighth, did nothing to silence the critics, especially since the Derby Dan horses had not run. And Foolish Pleasure had yet to meet the two strong California contenders, Avatar and Diabolo, or the solid Master Derby, winner of the Louisiana Derby and conqueror—albeit in rain and mud—of the Derby Dan duo and Avatar in the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland.

But last Saturday, before a crowd of 113,324—down 50,000 from the wild mob that attended the centennial Derby

a year ago—and additional millions who tuned in as ABC went to the post at Churchill Downs for the first time, Foolish Pleasure put it all together once and for all. As he rolled to his 11th win in 12 starts and increased his bankroll to \$673,515, the handsome bay colt, exquisitely trained by LeRoy Jolley and magnificently ridden by Jacinto Vasquez, soundly trounced the only two colts ever to finish in front of him (Prince Thou Art was sixth, Sylvan Place ninth). He also showed Avatar and Diabolo how to stay out of trouble in an important race and relegated them to second and third. He whipped Master Derby, who was fourth, by nearly seven lengths. As for Bombay Duck, who had given Foolish Pleasure such a tussle in the Wood Memorial, that dead-tired son of Nashua flashed last in the 15-horse field.

This Derby was a wonderfully contested horse race in which there was a certain amount of rough stuff, some of it minor, some of it major, and a stretch run so exciting that the usually unflappable track announcer, Chic Anderson, got the horses confused and called Prince Thou Art instead of Foolish Pleasure as the winner mowed down his opposition in the last and most important furlong. "I don't get mixed up very often," said the embarrassed Anderson, as his listeners recalled the 1947 Preakness when Clem McCarthy told a radio audience that the winner was Jet Pilot instead of Faultless. ("Ladies and gentlemen, I have made a horrible mistake," said the contrite McCarthy.)

The buildup before the race was on the low-key side, with the trainers saying polite and appropriate things about their own horses and the opposition. And about their jockeys. Well, almost all trainers. John Campo, who has always been something of a backstretch lawyer since his early days with the late Eddie Deloy, did not think much of Jean Cruguet's ride aboard Campo's colt Media in the Wood (in which Media finished third) and made sure that everyone knew it. In turn, Cruguet did not think much of the trainer's reaction. "My owner [Max Gluck] likes to pick riders," said the portly Campo as he waddled around his barn area, "but despite this jock, I expect Media to run a good race—not necessarily to win. I'm having a nice time and I'm relaxed. As for the horse, when

Bombay Duck led the field on the first turn, with Foolish Pleasure well back but near the rail.





Jockey Vasquez used the whip four times on Foolish Pleasure through the stretch, urging him on to the wire ahead of second-place Avatar.

does a horse know if he's 3 to 5 or 20 to 1?" Media went off at 24 to 1 and finished a respectable fifth under Crugnet, a Frenchman who was considered talented enough to ride first string for Trainer Angel Penna in France for a couple of years.

The question-mark horse in the race was Round Stake. Holder of an erratic, generally unimpressive record, he was trained by Allen Jerkens, famous for major upsets, such as Beau Purple three times beating Kelso and the defeats of Secretariat by Onion and Prove Out. This was Jerkens' first Derby horse, and it did not seem right that people had been getting 80 to 1 on Round Stake in the winter book. "I'd be happy to be third or fourth," said the composed trainer. "I'd much rather he did it when people feel he can't, instead of going into the race too optimistically." The people felt he couldn't—Round Stake went off at 55 to 1—and he didn't, finishing 11th.

"I've got to think Foolish Pleasure is the legitimate favorite," Jerkens said. "He should be. He had a tough race in the Wood, and if he can stand up under that, he's obviously the best. And remember, no other colt has been running any farther than he has with weight up. When

you've lost only once, you must still be the best."

The Western invaders were impressive but not spectacular. Diabolo's trainer, Sid Martin, was counting heavily on Jockey Laffit Pincay, who was replacing Bill Shoemaker, because "the colt wasn't responding to Shoe, whose forte is not being a strong rider, whereas Pincay is." Tommy Doyle, Avatar's trainer, quipped that he would have preferred the race to be held in California, but "seeing as how we can't move it, we'll have to race it here in Kentucky." Then, in response to suggestions that the current crop of 3-year-olds might be just ordinary, or even a bad bunch, he said, "How can anyone say that when they haven't had a chance to prove themselves bad yet? If these are bad horses, I'd love to have a barnful of bad horses like Foolish Pleasure. He is very tough."

Thus, for LeRoy Jolley, it was pressure week. But he responded well to the endless questions and special requests of the large, news-hungry press corps. Jolley was concentrating on training his colt to break off slowly and finish with a real quick flick, but he went out of his way to be courteous. "This is only my second trip to the Derby," Jolley pointed out,

"The first was with Ridan in 1962. I was listed as trainer, but it was really a joint venture with my father, Moody. Ridan was fiery and uncontrollable, just the opposite of this very manageable colt. They call this the Run for the Roses, but in Ridan's year it was run for your life to be around him."

Jolley had special praise for Jockey Vasquez. "Vasquez has given a great deal of himself to this colt," he said. And, saluting others on his staff, "That goes, too, for my assistant trainer, Henry Gervais, Frank Morris, the groom, exercise boy John Nazareth and the blacksmiths, Ernie Pinto and Butch Vinas. What we've done here is a team effort—all the way. We've all been concerned about the colt's feet. Twice a day we treat them with iodine and turpentine. He responds to the treatment like any fine athlete."

The fine athlete went off as the 2-40-1 Derby favorite under a cloudy sky that contained an overdue rainfall, which held off until half an hour after the race was over. At the start Foolish Pleasure did get off slowly. Bombay Duck, the sprinter, breaking from post position 11, shot to the lead and led the pack through the first quarter in a blistering 22 seconds, the half in 45½ and the six furlongs in

continued

THE HORSE THAT ALMOST RAN



Naughty Jake, who bypassed this year's Derby, nuzzles his resourceful owner.

Jake Bachelor of Louisville almost went down in history last Saturday as the first owner of a Kentucky Derby horse ever to spend the night before the race oiling machinery at the local International Harvester Plant for \$6.37 an hour.

The reason he did not achieve that distinction is that he decided on Thursday not to enter his horse, Naughty Jake, in the Derby after all. If he had, Bachelor would have been the first black owner in the Run for the Roses since 1943, when Burnt Cork, which belonged to Jack Benny's "valet," Eddie (Rochester) Anderson, finished last. Instead Bachelor sent his horse off in the ninth race, right after the Derby. That was the \$25,000 Needles. Naughty Jake finished fourth.

"If it had come up an off track," Bachelor said, "Naughty Jake would've made an awful good showing in the Derby. But the forecast was for fair weather. And if he was to run 15th—well, anybody could do that. I felt I was representing the average title guy, the average minority-group guy. I hoped I could make people say, 'He did it, and he's no better than me. Why can't I do it?' But a bad showing, that would've been a letdown."

Bachelor is in oil, but not in the way you would expect a racehorse owner to be. He makes about \$13,000 a year keeping production machines running smoothly from 10:30 p.m. until 6:30 a.m. But he is also one of the few people, big or little, who make an economic go of horse owning.

"Some research company sent a lady out to do a report on me," he says. "She said I was one of the most successful people in racing, percentage-wise."

Nine years ago, after saving up \$2,350, Bachelor bought his first horse. He had grown up not far from Churchill Downs and had worked there as a hot-walker and groom.

"The racetrack is something that once you get it in you, it never gets out," he says. "And when I was growing up, there were twice as many black people involved in racing as now. Today the average black says, 'That ain't my game, that's a rich man's game.'"

Not the way Bachelor plays it. "Each horse I've owned put me in a position where I could pay for another one. When a horse don't win, I'll sell him for \$250. Or I'll drop him way down and get him claimed. Every one that was ever claimed," he says with a good trader's smile, "the claimer didn't do too good with him. You got to watch money closer than the rich man. 'Cause if you don't it's going to run out. And you got to win some races. 'Cause if you don't, you haven't got anything to run out."

"My help is all in the family. They get salary, they gets they got to live, but if it's your son, and Dad's in bad shape, he'll pass up a little something so Dad can survive." Son Michael, 23, does a lot of the training and accompanies the horses on trips. "I couldn't do without him," says Jake, who stays behind to squat the midnight oil.

Naughty Jake, who has won \$42,475, is the best horse Bachelor has had, although his filly Sylva Mill won the Debutante Stakes on Derby Day in 1972 before "she busted her knee."

"I'll probably never get another horse of Naughty Jake's caliber," says Bachelor, "and I couldn't count the people who called me to say, about the Derby, 'Go ahead on' or 'I'm in your corner' or 'Run him anyway.' " But staying in the Derby would have cost \$7,500 in entry and starting fees on top of the \$100 nominating fee he had already put up. "And," says Jake, "run him anyway" don't pay no bills.

—ROY BLOUNT JR.

A PLEASURE *continued*

1:10½. Rushing Man, and later Avatar, stalked Bombay Duck through the first part of the race. Meanwhile, Vasquez, using his head, had Foolish Pleasure back in the pack, saving ground on the inside for most of the trip. Jolley said, "I was surprised at first that Foolish Pleasure didn't get to running easily, and I thought maybe he didn't like the track too well. But when I saw us running around eighth and then sixth, saving ground, and also that the leader had kicked off such a fast pace, burning on the front end, I thought we're not that badly off."

When Bombay Duck had enough—his rider said angrily that he had been bothered by things thrown and waved by the unruly infield crowd—he slowed down suddenly and quickly faded to last. Diabolo, whom Pincay had launched from fourth place with a tremendous drive around the far turn, took the lead. Shoemaker and Avatar, who had been close to the pace, went right with him and for a few strides the California horses were one-two. Master Derby, who had moved up from eighth, tried to stay with the pair, and then Vasquez moved with Foolish Pleasure. Whether or not the Californians moved too soon and too fast will be the subject of debate around the tracks for some time, but what won't be questioned ever is Vasquez' timing as he rolled up in fourth place at the head of the long stretch, still saving ground on the rail. With a brilliant surge, he drove inside Master Derby and outside Avatar, near the rail, and Diabolo, right alongside him.

Had Vasquez decided to sit tight behind this pair as they neared the eighth pole instead of swinging out there is no telling what might have happened. For just as Foolish Pleasure cranked himself up for the final furlong, the Californians went into an odd little dance of their own. First Diabolo bobbled, and then, recovering, lugged in on Avatar. Almost as if in self-defense Avatar bumped Diabolo, knocking him completely off stride and just as completely out of contention. Avatar, who was turned almost sideways for an instant, hung on gamely to finish 1½ lengths behind Foolish Pleasure, who had been clear of all the trouble and found himself a smooth, clear path to the wire. Diabolo struggled home in third place, but came back gimpy, his left foreleg bleeding. A stewards' inquiry looked into the Diabolo-Avatar collision, but both Shoemaker and Pincay agreed that

it had not altered the result of the race. "The way the winner blew by us," said Shoe, "I didn't think I could beat him anyway." Echoed Pincay, "I don't think it probably made any difference in the outcome."

What was most puzzling to all three riders was Chic Anderson's boo-boo on the race call. Shoemaker heard Anderson through the track public-address loud-speaker and until he returned to unsaddle he thought the horse that had blown past him was Prince Thou Art. Vasquez heard Anderson, too, and said to himself, "If Prince Thou Art is rushing that fast on the outside, he better hurry up, because that wire is in front of me *right* now, and I'm about to be the winner of this Derby."

Braulio Baeza, who was aboard Prince Thou Art, heard the miscall—all the way back in sixth place. The Florida Derby winner wasn't going anywhere, and it amused Baeza to be told he was in such great position. "I didn't know where I was," he said.

It may be argued that had Diabolo and Avatar not engaged in their free-for-all, one or even both of them might have hung on long enough to hold off Foolish Pleasure. But they probably would not have. Vasquez had the right head of steam up, and nothing was going to catch Foolish Pleasure this time as he uncorked a final quarter in a tick over 25 seconds. His time for the race was an unsensational 2:02—Secretariat's record is 1:59½; Cannonade won a year ago in 2:04—but the time was really of no great concern. Nothing mattered for Greer, Jolley, Vasquez and the rest of the fellows around their barn but beating the 14 challengers, and this they did with dispatch.

"Until an athlete does something," said Jolley when it was all over, "you don't know if he can do it. But now it seems that whatever the others can do, Foolish Pleasure can do it just a little bit better."

Greer, possibly thinking of what he might have to say this week to the pastor of the First Baptist Church of Knoxville, smiled broadly as his young trainer—Jolley is 37—held the attention of his audience. Greer was looking ahead to May 17 and the Preakness. He said wistfully, "How we'd love to win the Preakness. Ridan lost it by that much. And then there's the Belmont. Anyone who says he wouldn't like to win the Triple Crown is a damn fool."

END



After victory, Foolish Pleasure and Jacinto Vasquez are blanketed with traditional roses.

PLAYING KETCHUP OUT WEST

Nothing matches the sloganeering served up in the San Diego baseball emporium of hamburger honcho Ray Kroc. And with the maturing of fine young players, the hapless Padres are patties no longer

by RON FIMRITE

Nowhere outside a McDonald's hamburger stand is the work ethic so fiercely extolled as in the clubhouse of the San Diego Padres baseball team. Even the most indolent visitor to this sanctuary can be made to feel slothful when assailed by such stern admonitions as the one posted nearest the entrance: "Press on—nothing in the world can take the place of persistence. Talent will not; nothing is more common than unsuccessful men with talent. . . . Persistence and determination alone are omnipotent."

The message was read with more than passing interest by Padre players last week as they fought gamely to retain the respectability they had earned in the first weeks of the 1975 season. The game's biggest losers over the past six seasons, the Padres actually led the National League West for 12 days in April, easily a club record, and they were happily showing their heels to such dignitaries as the Dodgers and the Reds when they slouched into a five-game losing streak that was all too reminiscent of last year, when they lost 102 games, or, for that

matter, of any year they have been in the league. But unlike last year or any other year, they snapped out of it this time with a 4-2 midweek win over Houston that was a monument to omnipotent determination and persistence.

"This was our first real test of the season," said Manager John McNamara of the streak-breaker. "Last year we didn't have the talent to stop a losing streak. This year we do. There was no panic. We have made tremendous progress."

Enough progress that for the first 15 games of the season, 10 of which the Padres won, they were not so much surprising as shocking. The young pitchers who suffered through on-the-job training a year ago seemed to be realizing their considerable promise, and the young hitters, notably Dave Winfield, John Grubb and Mike Ivie, were demolishing the opposition. And when the team finished its home stand last Thursday, out of first place but with heads held high, it had drawn more than a quarter of a million fans, an average of nearly 20,000 per game. Then the Padres went to L.A., and

took two of three from the Dodgers.

Credit the work ethic with this astonishing turnaround. The Padres are not likely to win a pennant this year, but they will surely do better than last year, and if their fans continue to abandon their patios, sun decks and sailboats to see them play, they will easily exceed the 1974 record attendance of 1,075,399.

Manager McNamara and Vice-President General Manager Peter Bavasi are quick to laud that master hominid, Team Owner Ray A. Kroc, for creating a more positive atmosphere. Kroc is the high school dropout who, through determination and persistence, rose from poverty to riches by selling McDonald's hamburgers. "We use many of the McDonald's ideas about marketing with the team," says Bavasi loyally.

Kroc is a congenial promoter, so 61 of the 78 Padre home dates are "specials" of some sort or another, ranging from "Big Mac Sundays" to "The Great Walinda Night," on which the daring Karl Walinda will tightrope-walk from the left-field grandstand to the right. Kroc,

Twisting away from the tag of Houston Catcher Cliff Johnson, Outfielder John Grubb, one of a trio of young Padre standouts, comes in to score.



who posts his "persistence" messages throughout the clubhouse and team offices, has even made sloganeers of such normally articulate fellows as McNamara and Bavasi.

"To handle yourself, use your head," the sign above McNamara's desk reads, "to handle others, use your heart."

"When you're green you're growing," the 32-year-old Bavasi will say. "When you ripen you rot. And if you were a bum when you were poor, you'll be a bum when you're rich. Mr. Kroc says that all the time."

Bavasi and his father, Team President E.J. (Buzzy) Bavasi, deserve considerable credit themselves for assembling an exciting young team and McNamara merits praise for having the courage to play youngsters last season when the might have won some battles with veterans but lost the war. "We decided to give the ball to the kids," he has said. "Now they have a year's experience."

In starting pitchers Dave Freisleben, Dan Spillner and Joe McIntosh, all 23, and in Randy Jones, 25, McNamara has the makings of a staff that could plague the league for years. And in sluggers Winfield, 23, Grubb, 26, and Ivie, 22, he may have the offense of the future.

Winfield, who stands 6'6" and weighs 215, is, in McNamara's opinion, a potential superstar. Last year, his first full season in the major leagues, he hit 20 home runs and drove in 75 runs. He got off to a quick start this season and by week's end was among the league leaders in batting average, homers and RBIs.

"I can't say enough about Winfield," says McNamara. "He's got everything you look for in a superstar. And he has leadership ability. He's not afraid to work."

Winfield, a former baseball and basketball player at the University of Minnesota, is not lacking in yet another essential for success—self-confidence. "People tell you you're a superstar," he said last week, "so what do you say? You can't say no. I just tell them to come out and watch me play."

Those who watched him play last week in the game that broke the losing streak would surely have been impressed. The Padres were trailing Houston 1-0 when they rallied for all four of their runs in the fifth inning. The rally represented a fine amalgam of young and old talent. Veteran Bobby Tolan drove in one run, Grubb drove in two with his ninth dou-



First Baseman Mike Ivie checks a throw.

ble of the season and after Willie McCovey—at 37, still one of the most feared batsmen alive—was intentionally walked, Winfield hit a bullet to left field. Actually, it should have been a mere single, but the ball was struck with such force that it was too hot for Astro Outfielder Greg Gross to handle and was scored as a double. Grubb crossed the plate while Gross searched for the ball.

But even with their newly refined skills, the Padres do not win games easily, and in the ninth, with one out and a runner on first, Reliever Bill Greif walked one Astro and hit another to load the bases. Having thus inconvenienced himself, he struck out two men to end the game.

"I figured that if I was throwing so hard they couldn't get out of the way of the ball, I might as well keep giving them fastballs," said Greif, who got his fourth save of the season. Greif was a starter last year, and he admittedly "resisted" efforts to convert him to a reliever.

"There remains a stigma to relief pitching for a starter," he said. "It's like accepting a demotion." That he eventually succumbed to the entreaties of McNamara and Pitching Coach Tom Morgan is a measure of the team's new spirit.

"Last year, a five-game losing streak might just have been accepted," said McCovey of the changed attitude. "This year the guys just think they're better than that. It means a lot, thinking you're supposed to win."

"We have a lot of young players who have been winners in college and in the minors," said Ivie, a burly, blond Georgian. "I think we're a little like the A's

were a few years ago. Once we've learned to play together, we'll be hard to hold. Right now it feels good to come into a locker room knowing everybody is in a winning frame of mind. Last year, I guess it was more like, 'Och, well, we lost. Let's have the paycheck.'"

Ivie was drafted by the Padres as a catcher five years ago, when he was 17. He became convinced somehow that this was not his position and he nearly quit the game in despair. He was finally shifted to first base, where he is more comfortable. It is a mark of his advancing maturity that when McNamara asked him in an emergency last month to play third base, an unfamiliar position, Ivie



Rightfielder Dave Winfield is a big hit.

replied, "I'll give it my best shot, but don't expect a Brooks Robinson out there."

On opening day a year ago, the Padres must have thought they were playing for a new Charlie Finley when Kroc snatched the public-address microphone and, before 38,000 fans, berated his team for "some of the stupidest bullplaying I've ever seen in my life." Understandably, there was employer-employee tension after that fulmination. But that too has passed.

During one of the Padres' next home stands San Diego sportswriters will present Kroc with a gold megaphone. The better to call the players stupid? No, it is unlikely that he will feel called upon to use it this brave new season. **END**



THEIR WAY TO GET UP IS TO GET UPSET

The Warriors laughed when they heard the Bulls argued among themselves. But such turned out to be Chicago's nature **by BARRY McDERMOTT**

Chicago and the Bay Area have all the waterfront property, Picasso sculpture, Union Squares, Loops and financial districts they need. What they don't have and do want is not another celebrity disco like the BBC on Division Street or a new organic dish for the Trident Restaurant in Sausalito, but a couple of teams that don't play as if Snoopy was the city mascot. On windblown Michigan Avenue and bustling Market Street they have been starving for a winner. Now dinner is on the table.

But for whom? Golden State Warriors or the Chicago Bulls? The entrée in question is the Western Conference championship and after the Bulls beat the Warriors 108-101 last Sunday in Chicago Stadium, Chicago headed west with a 2-1 edge in the best-of-seven playoff.

The series figured to be close, not only because the teams' records during the regular season were almost identical, but because their personnel, if not exactly their styles, were similar. Both count on heavy scoring from their forwards, rebounding from their centers and ballhan-

dling in the backcourt, and they both play mean defense. The difference is that Chicago Coach Dick Motta is a statistician and Golden State's Al Attles is a gypsy. The Bulls play deliberately and rarely need an eraser, while sometimes the Warriors will go helter-skelter. But basically the teams have the same soul. Also they have both been ignored over the years. This year, partly through the unexpected collapse of other teams, like Milwaukee and Los Angeles, the two clubs have gleaned a certain amount of recognition and recognize the playoffs as a chance to step out of the shadows. As a result, they were going at the series not like men at work, but like men at war.

Why else would Rick Barry, having taken in stride an attempted mugging by

a woman in Seattle, misplace his cool and make more mistakes than a kid on his first date during the final seconds of the second game? Why else would Chet Walker play on a leg that felt like a worn-out shock absorber? Why else would Norm Van Lier bite his tongue?

Barry's gaffe occurred last Wednesday night in Chicago. He had scored 38 points in the series opener a few days before when the Warriors won 107-89 on their home floor. But in the second game in Chicago he lost track of the time and gave the Bulls a chance to win, which they did, 90-89.

continued

Warrior Charles Johnson, who had a hot hand, lets go a jumper over Jerry Sloan of the Bulls.

WHEN LOW DOWN, GO DOWN LOWER

After being walloped twice by the Bulls, the Celts won one by putting Dave Cowens in the low post and the ball in the hole **by PAT PUTNAM**

The only thing wrong with us," said Tommy Heinsohn, the Boston Celtics coach, after his team had been thrashed for the second time in a row by Washington in the Eastern Conference playoff finals, "is that we just are not putting the ball in the hole. Now, I don't understand why that is so difficult for people to understand."

All week long, Heinsohn had been swamped by explanations for the two defeats—and remedies. Dave Cowens and John Havlicek, for instance, supposedly were not "involved" enough in the offense. Or the Celtics weren't running in fast-break fashion, but in confusion. Stop playing Havlicek so much, he's too

old. Or why isn't Havlicek playing more? Boston was wasting too much defense on Elvin Hayes, who was going to score anyway. Or not enough: double-team the Big E, that'll do it.

"Bull," Heinsohn snapped. "People are saying we've overprepared. How can you be overprepared for a good team like Washington?"

"Contrary to what anyone says, the fact is that we are getting a man open but the ball isn't going in. It wasn't our execution. It wasn't Washington's defense. It wasn't our shot selection. The ball just isn't going in the hole. And when you don't shoot well against a tough team like Washington you are in trouble."

In those opening two games, which Washington won 100-95 and 117-92, the Celtics somehow managed to miss 127 of

207 shots. Between them, Cowens and Havlicek sank only 27 of 80 shots, which seems like a fair amount of involvement, if not very helpful involvement. But then, only Jo Jo White was hitting with any consistency for the Celtics. The all-star guard scored 27 points in the opener, 18 in the second game.

Meanwhile, Washington, led by the magnificent Hayes, was playing with a hot hand. For the first two games, more than half of everything the Bullets put up went in. Hayes had 34 points in the first one—when Washington came from 12 back at halftime to win—and 29 in the second. And the Bullets apparently had found an effective blockade for the Celtics' fast break.

Actually, it is a simple defense, and when Washington is scoring it works beautifully. As soon as one of the Bullets puts the ball in the air, Phil Chenier, Kevin Porter and Mike Riordan turn and run for the other end of the court, leaving Hayes and Wes Unseld to worry about possibly grabbing an offensive rebound. Sometimes, even Hayes will turn and retreat with his three smaller teammates. "We don't get too many offen-

continued



sive rebounds," says Riordan, "but it sure kills their fast break."

On Friday, after the defeats, the Celtics held a tough practice. They made some adjustments in their offense, mainly looking to get Cowens in lower, and to get Havlicek more open. "I'm best when I'm moving without the ball," said Havlicek. "That's when it is the toughest to guard a man—when he doesn't have the ball."

"We've finally got it together," said Heinsohn after practice. "We're more intense now than we've been in a long time. We're going to win this thing in seven games. And if we don't, then come and tell me what everybody is saying."

A year ago the Celtics were a hungry ball club. Now they were an embarrassed one. And Havlicek was briding about references to his age. "I'm going to come out firing," said the 35-year-old Celtics captain.

No one has ever faulted the Celtics' defense. They had always been tough, and from the beginning of Saturday's Game Three they went into a press, slashing and cutting at Washington's running attack. The Bullets were no less fiery, and

on offense they still held the hot hand. Washington hit on 12 of 23 shots in the first quarter; Boston on only 10 of 25. But the Celtics picked up 11 points at the foul line and stayed close.

Then, under pressure from the Celtics' defense, Washington's shooters began to falter, hitting only nine of 23 in the second period. With Cowens and Paul Silas again dominating the boards, the Celtics were getting more shots and, with their slightly improved accuracy, led at halftime 60-57.

The third quarter was a disaster for the Bullets. Boston managed to make only 29.6% of its shots and still outscored Washington by 11 points. The Bullets scored just 10 points—their record low for one quarter this year.

At the end, the game turned into a YMCA pick-up rumble, with the two teams managing only eight baskets each in the final quarter. Through one particularly horrendous stretch of steals and bad passes, four minutes and nine seconds went by without a point being scored, and when it was finally over, Boston had won 101-90.

Drained, Heinsohn slumped in one

corner of the dressing room and explained that the day's strategy had been simple. "We went out to play them one quarter at a time and try to win each quarter. I thought we played a really fine defensive game."

A local radio man shoved a mike into the coach's face. "Do you think this now makes you the favorite to win?"

Stunned, Heinsohn managed a weak laugh. "Aw, come on," he said, "are you kidding me?"

Across the room, a very tired Havlicek began peeling off his wet uniform. As he had promised, he had come out firing, finishing with a game high of 26 points.

"We've just got up one half of a mountain today," he said. "We still have the other half to climb just to get back on the same level."

"You tired, John?"

Havlicek laughed. "This time of the year all the ballplayers are very tired mentally and physically. It's now that you have to push yourself. You're tired but you can't worry about it. You know the other team is having the same problems."

Boston's victory narrowed the Bullets'

NBA WEST *continued*

Barry is moving into his career's middle age and finds himself still without an NBA championship. He had one of his best seasons this year: second to Bob McAdoo of Buffalo in scoring, first in free-throw percentage, and he has averaged 27.4 points in the playoffs. His perfor-

mance in Golden State's first playoff round against the SuperSonics so enraged one Seattle woman that after the final game she swung at him with her purse. Barry played good defense and dodged the blow.

On the other side is the Bulls' Chet Walker. He played on the 1967 Philadelphia team that beat the Warriors in the NBA finals. He was called "The Jet" then. Now he is 35 and his hair is flecked with gray. Last week he confided that he was weary of children's games and that this would be his last season. "I haven't made it official, but I think I've outgrown basketball," he said. "Thirteen seasons is enough. The money's good but no longer that important—it's doing something to make me happy. I need a change in my life. I was talking to Jerry West the other day. People don't realize the pressure, especially on a veteran. They expect you to play well. If you don't, they throw that age thing into your face."

Walker had age on his face in the opening game. He was limping because of an injured thigh, took only seven shots and scored but 10 points while his counterpart, Warriors rookie Keith Wilkes, got

26. That provoked teammate Bob Love to say: "Rookies aren't supposed to score like that. A guy like Barry is going to get his points, but put me on Wilkes and I'll hold him to nothing."

The criticism was typical of the Bulls. Earlier in the year, Norm Van Lier chastised Motta because, he said, Motta would not stand up for him, and he sometimes questioned the coach's strategy. When the Warriors arrived in Chicago, they were laughing over the newspaper stories that had the Bulls arguing among themselves about who was responsible for the opening loss. "The press made us this way," Walker said. "We aren't recognized as good basketball players. Barry is the only all-star on either team. We have to be controversial because the only promotion we get is when we promote ourselves."

Walker came back and scored 28 points in the second game. In that one Motta got away with playing Love and Walker, both of whom had five fouls, for most of the fourth quarter. Walker had two minutes rest in the period, Love a minute. But Motta was forced to play them: the Warriors were leading by sev-



Ray Slater Sloan and the ball squirts away.

series lead to 2-1, but otherwise didn't seem to prove much, except that Washington had showed that it could match the Celtics in scoring slumps. Boston's offense had picked up some—although 39% from the floor is not exactly a gaudy figure—but it was nowhere near the attack that carried the Celtics to 60 victories in the regular season and a 4-1 margin over Houston in the Eastern semifinals.

There were, nevertheless, some positive signs. Havlicek's 26 points was only one fewer than he scored in the first two games combined. Cowens had 24, up six from his previous high. And White's 21 maintained his consistency.

Boston can do little to improve its defense or rebounding, what with Cowens and Silas taking charge of the boards. Silas has been especially devastating. He finished the third game with 25—as many as Hayes and Wes Unseld combined—and eight of them came at the offensive end. In all, Boston had an amazing 21 offensive rebounds, which explains why the Celtics were able to take 100 shots and the Bullets managed only 87. Overall, Boston outrebounded Washington 62-46.

And Washington may have some new problems. "We've finally caught on to the rhythm of their offense," Heinsohn said. "We didn't know what they were going to do. Now we know. We know the patterns and we know the options."

After Boston finally took away the Bullets' running game, the Bullets had to struggle for everything they got. The same thing had happened in their playoff series against Buffalo. Whenever the Braves managed to force Washington into a patterned offense, the Bullets had to strain to score.

"That was a problem against Buffalo," Riordan said. "When we had our running game we were good. When we didn't our patterns didn't work. In the first two games against Boston we were converting our fast breaks and making our shots. They tried to control the game by stifling us, looking for mistakes. Only we didn't make any."

The mistakes were there Saturday. Washington was forced into 15 turnovers and Boston converted them for 21 points. The Celtics finished with nine steals.

"I think we won the game yesterday

in practice," Heinsohn was saying. "Everybody got superinvolved, really got it together. But I don't think we could be any more intense than we were today. We played them as hard as anyone could play them. And we got our two guys involved. We got Dave down low, ran stuff down low, low, low. And we got the other guy involved. If he goes, he goes. Today he did."

END



Bullets Coach K.C. Jones gives instructions.

en points with eight minutes left, even though Butch Beard had been on the bench with foul trouble for most of the night.

With 50 seconds to go, Golden State had possession and a three-point lead. But playmaker Charles Johnson had fouled out and Van Lier was hounding Beard so closely that there was no way he could get loose to take the inbound pass. The ball eventually went to Wilkes, unprotected at the top of the Warriors' foul line. Chicago's Jerry Sloan knocked it loose from him and fed Van Lier for a layup to narrow the score to 89-88.

Van Lier stripped Jeff Mullins of the ball a few seconds later, but the Bulls kicked it away with 22 seconds left and Barry wound up in possession. All he had to do was play keep-away. Unaccountably, he got befuddled on the time remaining, tried a wild double-pump-with-a-triple-twist shot and when it missed with 10 seconds to go, Chicago had the ball again. Eight seconds later, Van Lier zipped a pass to Center Tom Boerwinkle, who was free for a layup, and that was the game. Afterward, the shocked Warriors filed silently out of their dressing

room still wearing their uniforms, and showered back at the hotel.

Van Lier views the playoffs as a personal chance to redeem a tragic year, and to that end has been striving to curb a sharp tongue that puts him among the league leaders in technical fouls. Van Lier's temper is legend. Once he attacked his hometown police station, because he felt one of the officers was harassing his brother. This season he went through a divorce that got a lot of publicity, was fined \$1,000 for being rude to Referee Mark Mayo during a game against Houston, and in Cleveland a packed house turned out to boo him after he was quoted as disparaging the Cavaliers' ability. Shortly thereafter he went to Motta and said he was ready to quit.

The relationship between Van Lier and Motta sometimes borders on love-hate. Both are fiery competitors. Van Lier has kicked over sideline chairs after a loss he felt was traceable to poor strategy. There are rumors that the two have battled in the locker room but the tale is probably inaccurate, as is the canard that Van Lier strangled his own dog in a fit of rage. "Can you believe that?" says Van Lier.

"People look at how I play on the floor and they think I'm violent. I'm not an evil person. I'm not looking to kill anybody. My name is dirt in this league and it hurts me. I wish I could be cool like Walt Frazier, but then I wouldn't be me. Matter of fact, I sometimes go out and look for something to get upset about before a game."

What bothered Van Lier was the uncharacteristic attitude the Bulls had in the second game. "Golden State was more intense than we were," he said. "And that was strange, because a Chicago team isn't usually in that sort of situation." Van Lier admits that in the past there were Chicago players who did not go all out. What happened was that in practice the malingers were knocked around unmercifully, and when they complained they were told to shut up until they put out like everyone else.

On Sunday, Van Lier's intensity level could not be questioned. He got a technical foul, spit on the floor in disgust and scored 35 points. After two straight victories, the Bulls had that old attitude back, as if they expected to be invited to dinner.

END

Like everything about him, Bill King's satanic countenance, with its beard, bristling mustache and almond-shaped eyes buried behind protruding cheekbones, is distinctive. But it is not the sort of kisser that inspires instant affection, particularly from television nabobs and superstitious old women.

A crone once chanced upon an unwitting King on the streets of Milwaukee. She identified him instantly as the Dread Adversary and began menacing him with her cane.

"I beg your pardon, madame," said King who, despite his diabolical mien, is unfailingly cordial to his elders. "I don't believe we've met."

"Oh, I know you," snarled the woman. "You, you . . . you are the devil himself." And she set about giving him his due.

"Aha!" cried King, dodging the blows. "So you recognize me, do you?"

"Yes, I do, you devil you."

"Well, then," cooed King, twirling his mustache seductively, "we shall surely meet again. At my place down there."

The old woman emitted a strangled yelp, withdrew her cane and fled with remarkable haste.

King, of course, is not the Prince of Darkness. He is the play-by-play radio announcer for the National Football League's Oakland Raiders and the National Basketball Association's Golden State Warriors. But, as Ron Fell, longtime producer of King's football broadcasts, has observed, "Bill is not what you call your average run-of-the-mill sports-caster."

He certainly is not an ordinary announcer, or an ordinary anything else. King is a balletomane and opera buff, a serious student of Russian history, language and literature, a sailor of the high seas, a wine connoisseur and accomplished chef, a motorist who considers paying more than \$200 for an automobile gross extravagance, and a trencherman who devours raw onions for breakfast.

The breadth of his interests, passions and eccentricities continually bewilders King's legion of friends, many of whom lead such entirely different lives that they have only King in common. To most of them, King appears to be several persons in one, and they are not far off the mark.

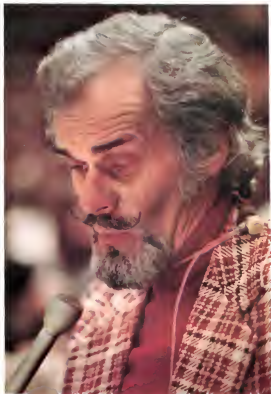
Announcing a sporting event, he can be so stimulated by the tumult that he flies into paroxysms of rage, anguish or

joy. On most of these occasions King's strongest expletive is the mildly blasphemous "Holy Toledo," a phrase he has made a standard part of the Bay Area sporting vocabulary. But once he became so excited over a decision by an NBA official that he switched off his microphone, bounced the instrument off the press table and bellowed a locker-room obscenity at the offending referee as he passed within range.

Unfortunately for King, a crowd mike picked up the oath and broadcast it to a startled radio audience. Afterward he

was rebuked by the usual assortment of church groups, outraged mothers, decency organizations and a precocious 10-year-old who wrote suggesting that if King could not exercise greater discretion on the air, he should seek "another avenue of employment." At the same time, he was heartily commended by a college fraternity for his forthrightness and sincerity.

It would be reasonable to expect that a live wire of this voltage would be bonkers at the conclusion of a broadcast. Indeed, King does require a moment or two



to wind down after a game, or on hot days to dress up, since it is his practice to broadcast in his underwear when temperatures are excessive. But in no time at all he is blissfully journeying homeward in his latest jalopy, his nerves soothed by the thunderous harmonies of Wagner or Rimsky-Korsakov emanating from the car radio. The game is well behind him, lost perhaps in *Gottfriedsway*, and there is still time for a spot of Turgenev or Tolstoy before retiring.

King resides in Sausalito, the bohemian boating community across the Gold-

en Gate Bridge from San Francisco. Twice divorced, he shares his passion for music and the sea, if not always for basketball and football, with his companion for the past 14 years, Nancy Stephens. They have never "bothered" to marry, although King's football broadcasting mate, Scotty Stirling, has said of their relationship, "It is as sound as any I've ever seen between a man and a woman."

It pleases King that his neighbors in Sausalito "don't know if a basketball is round or square." He assiduously avoids such San Francisco watering holes as Perry's or the Templebar, where chances of encountering someone versed in the nuances of the fast break or post pattern are far too promising. Sausalitans talk mainly about boats and sex, in roughly that order, and King would have it no other way. Since he abhors the limelight, he is not at all ruffled by the knowledge that citizens of his adopted community think of him as just another long-haired boat freak.

King apparently looks too hip for network television people, who are reluctant to put a man with long hair, a beard and a mustache on a national sports broadcast. What they fail to appreciate is that he is much more the product of his Midwestern upbringing than of his acquired West Coast bohemianism.

King was born 46 years ago on a farm outside Bloomington, Ill. At age seven, he and his recently widowed mother moved into town. Much of his childhood was spent huddled before the living-room console listening to Cubs' Broadcaster Bob Elson. King and Elson's disembodied voice spent so much time together that the boy began to sound like the man. Years later, when King was auditioning for an announcing job with the San Francisco Giants, the late Russ Hodges, then the Giants' lead broadcaster, quickly identified him as a Cub fan. "With people my age, you can tell where they're from by the baseball announcer they sound like," says King.

Though short and slight, King played catcher on his high school baseball team—television star McLean Stevenson was one of his pitchers—and for one giddy moment contemplated a professional career. Instead, he was drafted into the Army after graduation in 1945 and dispatched to Guam. There he fell in love with the blue Pacific, vowing someday to return to her aboard a great sailing ves-

sel. He also was an Armed Forces Radio disc jockey, an occupation the garrulous King found particularly appealing because it afforded him unlimited opportunity to talk without interruption. The air and the sea. Prophetically, they would become his vocation and avocation.

After the service, King eschewed college and worked as a broadcaster in the Illinois towns of Pekin, Quincy and Peoria. In Peoria he was one of three announcers doing the Bradley University basketball games. Chuck Hearn, now the voice of the Lakers and with

continued

LUCKY DEVIL, HE FOUND HEAVEN

by RON FIMRITE

When he's not busy sportscasting, satanic Bill King gobbles peanut butter tortillas, studies Russian lit, watches ballet and barefoots it at sea with Hank the black cat



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Manhattan

King one of the two or three best pro-hockey announcers, was one of the others. King moved on to Lincoln, Neb., before he packed up his sailing manuals on Memorial Day 1958 and set off for San Francisco, where he had no prospect of a job but could be near his beloved Pacific.

He was a man of leisure for only a short time, thanks to his friendship with Hodges, another Giant broadcaster, Lon Simmons and Bud Foster, a veteran Bay Area sportscaster. In 1958 King worked with Foster on University of California football and basketball, then in 1959 he joined Hodges and Simmons as the third man on the Giants' broadcasting team. Three years later, he signed on with the Warriors, newly transplanted from Philadelphia. In a moment of whimsy, he also grew a beard. Warrior Owner Franklin Mieuli, who is as hirsute as a bear today, was then a clean-shaven broadcasting executive. Despite his legendary eccentricity, he shared at least some of the conservative views of his industry. Remember, this was 1962, a time when even college students were beardless youths and only jazz musicians and atomic physicists sported whiskers. Image was a big word then. But Mieuli took a courageous stand with King. "I am not going to tell a man what he must do with his face," he boldly announced. The beard stayed, although before it had become an issue King had intended to shave it off.

In 1966 he joined the Raiders. Because he was only the radio announcer, King's photograph did not appear in the team's press book, an omission that troubled him not at all. Unlike so many broadcasting popinays, he is not a vain man. His face does not so much delight as amuse him.

King discovered culture in 1965. "Nancy took me to a ballet, and though I couldn't explain why, I was hooked," he says. "I just plunged right into it. The opera came next. I'd listen to the music while working on the boat, but I couldn't imagine going to a performance. Now we haven't missed an opera in San Francisco in six years."

King approaches each of his myriad pastimes with a scholar's meticulousness. His brain is omnivorous, ravenously chomping on each passing intellectual morsel. Before he became an opera regular, King studied the lives of the composers. He has taught himself to read Russian and has a vocabulary of about

1,000 words. Although he is only a student in the adult school of the College of Marin, he recently was invited to fill in for an absent professor in a course on the Russian literature of protest.

On a typical stopover with the Warriors in New York this winter, King turned his back on the swinging East Side taverns favored by many of his traveling companions and trotted off to Lincoln Center to hear an Andre Watts piano recital and the Metropolitan Opera's production of *Boris Godunov*. He dined exclusively in ethnic restaurants and endlessly prowled the museums.

King has been unwittingly called a gourmet. It is a word he detests, one he ranks alongside "intellectual" as among the most abused in the language. He prefers to think of himself as a gastronome whose tastes observe no bounds. King may dine on Veal Orlov in the plushest San Francisco or New York restaurants, or he may gobble nauseous combinations of foods—peanut butter and popcorn is one favorite—to the discomfort of his conferees in the broadcasting booth. "You can't believe some of the things he eats," says Sorling, turning green at the thought. "God Almighty, peanut butter tortillas!"

King may be at his happiest preparing massive Russian meals in his own kitchen. "I put the Don Cossack chorus on the hi-fi for mood music," he says, "and we all sit about drinking Stolichnaya vodka and eating zakuski, piroshki, borscht and shashlik. The whole thing takes about five hours. By about three in the morning we're all sitting there crying in our Stolichnaya, happy as can be."

King is the soul of affability away from the microphone, but Warrior road trips have become almost void of stimulating conversation for him. When Tom Meschery, who shared King's interests in poetry and Russian literature, played for the team some years ago, seminars into the early morning were the rule. Now King finds that he loses his audience when the talk turns away from such subjects as Rick Barry's floor play or the rebounding of Clifford Ray. A recent disquisition by King in a Los Angeles coffee shop on Pasternak's reliance on coincidence in his *omrrr* did not set other tongues wagging. King merely shrugs his shoulders on these lamentable occasions and presses on to something of broader interest, like the literary integrity of Solzhenitsyn.

It is understandable, then, that King abruptly departs the sports world as soon as the basketball season ends and sets sail aboard his 44-foot ketch *Laramie* for ports far removed from cries of "DEE-fense." He is not seen again until football begins.

His trips have taken him as far afield as the Georgia Strait and Hawaii. But King's sharpest memory is of a journey that he, Nancy, their scowling black cat Hank and several friends made a few summers ago to explore the islands and inlets of British Columbia. There King achieved a kind of Nirvana.

"We had sailed into the Princess Louisa Inlet," he says. "I awoke on the boat early one morning and could hear nothing but the rush of water. I climbed up on deck and for as far as I could see there were waterfalls. I counted 39 of them. I just sat there listening. I don't think I've ever felt such a sense of peace. When we left, I kept asking myself, 'Why? Why are we leaving?'"

Laramie is a handsome vessel of Honduras mahogany, teak and white oak. King has nothing but contempt for fiberglass boats, craft he denigrates as "plastic throwaways." With its good wood, *Laramie* is more precious to him than even his Russian grammar or breakfast onions, and he lavishes constant attention on her. The boat's shimmering beauty is in marked contrast to the dilapidated appearance of King's automobile of the moment. He does not accept the popular notion that a car should be washed and serviced from time to time. His life is a mess of contradictions, but fewer more so than when he and Nancy, both dressed to the nines, pull up in front of the stately San Francisco opera house in a vehicle that could have transported the Joad family West.

King simply drives his cars until they ignite, explode or quietly succumb to the infirmities of advanced years. He was obliged to flee a 1956 Buick several years ago when it burst into flames with 128,000 miles on the odometer. He had been driving a 1954 Ford for more than a year when a missing tooth in the flywheel led to a dreadful commotion under the hood. The transmission fell out of his 1961 Oldsmobile after 120,000 miles. Stirling feels he may have shamed King into abandoning a 1960 Pontiac last fall when he advised him that without floorboards on the passenger side, riding with him was something of a hazard. King, who

continued

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LUCKY DÉVIL *continued*

apparently had been oblivious to this defect, glanced down in alarm and reluctantly conceded that Stirling might have a point. When he turned the car over to the junkyard it had gone a courageous 135,000 miles.

King could probably double his annual income of roughly \$50,000 if he made himself available in the summer for commercials and promotional work, but the prospect of performing such lucrative tasks appalls him. His ultimate goal is to abandon broadcasting altogether and cruise the seas, an objective he was approaching a year ago when a series of misguided investments forced postponement of the odyssey. In an industry bursting with giant egos, King, with his lack of pretension and wanderlust, is an anomaly.

"You run into a lot of schlocks in this business, guys who are in it for the glory of rubbing elbows with the stars and of being called stars themselves," says Producer Fell. "Bill is just not that kind. I've never met anyone in any walk of life with more depth in more areas. And he is a totally principled individual."

"Bill's honesty may be at the root of many of his frustrations as a broadcaster," says Hank Greenwald, a former King partner on Warrior broadcasts. "When you're doing a basketball game and you say a guy has dribbled out of bounds and the official doesn't see it, you are left there with nothing to substantiate what you've just said. Bill just flat out says the official goofed."

King achieved a kind of apologetic grandeur assessing the officials' performance in a Warrior loss to the Knicks in New York this season. "Under the pressure of a Garden crowd, the officials choked here tonight," he advised his listeners. "I tried to keep my mouth under control, but the officials were so abominable I couldn't help myself."

"King may be the greatest basketball announcer in the world," says one of his confirmed fans, "but I just wish he'd give up trying to officiate every game." King's riposte to such thrusts is to say that the officials greatly influence basketball games, that the announcer is closer to the action than in most other sports and can see what is happening, and that a man must say what is on his mind.

King's penchant for saying what is on his mind has caused Muti financial embarrassment. Several seasons ago the Warriors owner was fined \$500 by NBA

Commissioner Walter Kennedy for critical comments King and Greenwald had made on the air about the officiating. Muti paid grudgingly, offering obsequies to a creature he had championed, a strong commissioner. But he grumbled afterward that the next time his announcers were challenged, the strong commissioner could "stuff it."

Although King's basketball broadcasting salary is paid by the Warriors, he is as much a houseman as John Dean. (The Raiders have final approval on their announcers, but King is technically an employee of KNBI during the football season.) In the course of one week this season, King accused the Warriors of being "sleazy" and "lethargic," questioned Coach Al Attles' strategy of benching rookie Keith Wilkes when he appeared to be enjoying a hot night, described Barry's play as being without snap, twitted the Warriors for failing to make use of a mismatch under the basket, described a bad Warrior quarter as "the worst this season," and decided that one contest was so shabbily played "it had only a few moments approaching artistry." In a game with Phoenix, King even defended an official's decision that went against the Warriors. "The fans are pretty irate over that charging call, but I thought it was a pretty good one myself," he said.

Along with sandor, there is staccato in a King broadcast. When he seems most frenetic, he is still in command, capable even of correcting his usually flawless grammar. "It could have been him. No, it could have been he. What's wrong with me, anyway?" King huddles tensely with his voice, carefully avoiding the error of peaking too soon. In the final minutes of the Raiders' melodramatic 28-26 playoff victory over Miami last December, he artfully created an image of the Miami end zone as "The Promised Land." When the Raiders finally reached Canaan with 26 seconds left on the score-board clock, it was as if Moses himself had negotiated the yardage.

"The Promised Land is eight yards away. . . Stabler is looking, looking, looking. . . he's rolling out, he's hit, he floats the ball up there. . . it's a touchdown. A touchdown. A touchdown. I can't even see the receiver. Clarence Davis. It looks like Clarence Davis. He's being mobbed. . . Stabler was hit as he threw. . . he was falling down."

That King recognized Davis as the survivor in that Saragasso Sea of players, off-

continued

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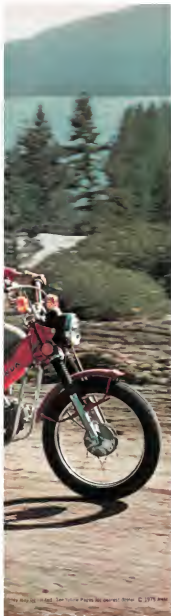


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Thom McAn



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keeps the gangs growing—a reputation for dependability and quality with no equal. It's a good feeling to know, whether you're riding on the



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Do you ever use your card when there's not an emergency?

"Sure. Let's say I find a pair of shoes on sale and I'm between pay checks. I get the shoes with BankAmericard, and then, when the bill comes, I can take care of it."

What about the cost of the card?

"It didn't cost me anything to get it.* It works the same as a store card. Only I can use it where I want to."

What happens if you lose it?

"Nothing, if I contact the bank before somebody uses it. Even if somebody's already run up a bill of...say \$400 on it, the most I'm liable for is \$50...if that."

How do you feel about having BankAmericard?

"I'm careful with it. I don't use it all the time. But there've been times when if I hadn't had the card, I'd have really been out of luck. It's a good thing to have."

BankAmericard

You never have to use it when you don't want to. But sometimes just having it makes all the difference.



ficials and spectators was "incredible" in Sterling's opinion.

How has this paragon of the airwaves remained so obscure? Principally by preference. King is a radio, not a television, man, and radio men today are as aviators to astronauts. He is a prisoner of his time, the Great Depression, when radio was all there was.

"I feel a strong obligation to radio and the radio listener," he said one recent afternoon, hunched over a cup of tea in his charming hillside house. He was barefoot, which he usually is when not at the opera house or the ball park. His feet are like slabs, his soles the consistency of concrete from clomping on boat docks. "I envision a shadowy image out there sitting next to the radio, I'm his eyes. If I can choose the right words to move and excite him, to tie his stomach in a knot, I've done my job and there is a beautiful satisfaction."

"Television doesn't provide this challenge. In TV you're the tool of some director who can interrupt your verbal flow to point out some girl the camera has stumbled across in the stands, and whom you must therefore talk about. You're a puppet. I've been a gadfly for so many years that I don't think the network people could tolerate me. And I doubt if I could tolerate them. Our schedules just don't match."

"Besides, look at this puss. I look mean on television, so I have to smile all the time. It's ridiculous. I know one TV guy who got fired because some station manager decided his lips were too moist. What would they do with a bearded guy who looks like the devil?"

"I've often thought maybe my life has been a waste, that I might have been a Russian scholar by now at some university. But if I were, I might be thinking my life was a waste because I had never been out into the real world. I suppose I will always be asking myself what I'm going to do when I grow up. But I'm living on my own terms. I like what I do, and I've got time to do all these other things that have nothing to do with what I do. And when I leave my home and drive over the Golden Gate Bridge and see the changing panorama of light hitting beautiful hilly San Francisco, I say to myself, 'What other sports announcer in the world can drive to work and have all this?'"

His pal Stirling says it even better: "Bill King has beaten the system." **END**



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PORTRAIT OF

INDY

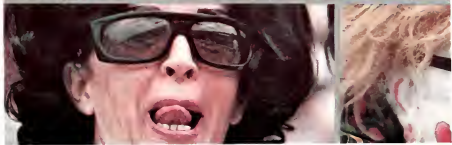
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ENRICO FERRELLI

For all the perils of pounding around the track at heavy speeds, the racers may have the best of it after all: theirs is the only uncrowded space for miles around the Indianapolis Speedway and a driver gets the split-second impression that the nose of his car is parting a sea of people, throwing them back in high waves on each side. This is America's biggest sporting crowd, and through it run moods ranging from fiesta to bloodlust. Small wonder the 500 is the most photographed of all events. As the scenes of right and on the following pages show, the camera is a coll to mug, prance a bit or pose pensively, as if to document one's individuality or be lost forever in the throng.













A VIRUS OF VELOCITY

by ROBERT F. JONES

Newcomers to the game of auto racing are always puzzled by a seeming contradiction. Here is the most complex techno-athletic endeavor known to man, one that apparently would demand the utmost in keen, cool reasoning attention if a spectator is to comprehend even a fraction of the action swirling around him. Yet the very scope of the event—the noise of the cars and the cavorting of the crowd, the vast reaches of track and the dizzying speed of the field, the stunning rate at which critical changes occur within the race itself—denies that comprehension. The fledgling race fan sits there, pounded by sound and whipsawed by blurring images, wondering what in the blue Bell Stars is going on. And why are all these people here in the first place?

They are indeed present in great numbers. Motor racing, with an annual estimated attendance of 49 million, is second only to horse racing as a spectator sport in America. The Indianapolis 500 draws close to a million fans each year, counting qualifying and practice days, and is the largest single event in American sport, with 300,000-plus spectators on hand for the race itself. That is more than three times as many fans as attend the Super Bowl and nearly twice as many as watch the Kentucky Derby. There are a number of reasons for this special madness. Part of the answer is that people simply enjoy being submerged in a huge, unified crowd. Indy is, after all, an addiction. And as with all addictions, the addict never quite knows how he got there. Or how to get away.

Years ago, on my first visit to Indy, the sky was blue and the sun shone down with that vibrant weight peculiar to the Middle West. This was an American homecoming—the greatest race in the world, we were told, the greatest spectacle in sport. Since its inauguration in 1911, Indy has become a happening, a transcendent event that dwells in the very bloodstream of America—a virus of velocity. And so it

was: the bright, fast cars and their hard-boiled drivers, the head-bending Doppler effect of exquisitely tuned machines taking corners at speeds less than sonic but nonetheless super; the booze and the ratty babes. But mainly it was the crowd, milling and roaring, swilling beer and clicking stop-watches; meatfaces, grandees, fat ladies, freckled kids and old crocks with grease under their fingernails—all held together by the force field of their own presence and the prospect of high speed and flaming, metal-tearing danger.

That danger, of course, is the essential "magic" of Indianapolis, though the venerable Indy booster will deny it vehemently. This is not to say that the throngs who attend the race year after year are composed of ghouls. Most of the spectators are shocked and saddened by the carnage (more than 45 drivers and mechanics have been killed at Indy in the 64-year history of the race). But one must admit the element of danger does add spice to life or death, witness the crowds that gather at every freeway fender-bender, the rubbernecks who slow the traffic at every "fatal" on the interstates. Add to that the very human desire to tell our friends that "we were there" when such and such a cataclysm occurred, and one has the basic Indy "death wish." We are a people half in love with painful death—trunk murders, burnings, shootings, stabbings, bombings, but mainly wrecks. This is a fact that a number of major American writers have recognized, and certainly many film directors.

This makes the Indy crowd appear to be a gathering of sadomasochists. It is a far more human crowd than that. In fact, there are crowds within the crowd. They range from the automotive aristocracy, sleek and sincere in their dedication to the sport, to the hand-me-another-can-of-beer boys who usually can be found snoring in the mud of the infield as one walks out of the Speedway. Mostly, however, the subcrowds are gatherings of like-minded friends from the small towns and cities of the Middle West to whom

continues

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INDY

Indy has become an annual blowout, an opportunity to continue a lifelong attachment to camaraderie and cars.

A lot of fans buy tickets en bloc, particularly those who occupy the most expensive and advantageously located spots—in the tower terrace under the timing tower (\$25), or the boxes (\$25) and penthouses (\$35) across from the pits. Fran Dent, who has worked in the Speedway ticket office for 30 years and has served as Director of Ticket Sales since 1951, is very careful not to divulge the names of the block buyers. "People would rather than to death about trying to buy tickets," she says. She also is proud that "there are no discounts on tickets to anybody." Could the hucksters of the Super Bowl, the NBA playoffs and the next Ali-Whoddy light say the same?

She does admit, however, that some of the biggest block buyers are the automobile clubs of Michigan and Missouri, the Buckeye Race Fan Club of Columbus, Ohio and the Kirby Travel Service of Detroit. Group Buckeye, which started out with 25 to 30 seats, is the fastest growing; it is now up to 150 or 200. The farthest traveled block group is a cacophony of cobblers from Australia, about 35 in number, who have been coming to Indy for "several years," according to Fran, and will be here again this year, in seats along the main straightaway. Their only complaint is the weakness of American beer.

Apart from analyzing the block ticket holders, the best way to polarize the Indy crowd into subgroups is by track geography. By its very shape the 2½-mile oval attracts different types to different corners. Turns Three and Four, at the far north end of the 433-acre complex, offer views of the straightaways, which are thrilling enough if you have recurrent dreams of being run over by speeding automobiles, and occasional excitement on the banked curves. Two of the last three driver deaths at Indy occurred in these corners. Jim Malloy's fatal crash in 1972 and Swede Savage's horrendous flame-out in 1973. Generally the spectators at this end of the oval are sane, serious and race-wise, and the crowd density is less than along the main straightaway and in the infamous Turn One.

Turn Two, on the southeast corner of the track, is closest to the prestigious Speedway Motel, and for the past two races has been dominated by a set of new-

ly built, enclosed luxury suites leased by the year for \$20,000. Sponsors and other rich folks dominate this corner, their motel-modern rooms filled with rubbery hors d'oeuvres, endless booze, plastic hostesses and color TV sets that pipe in the ABC coverage of the race, though without sound. Here can be found the people who like the race for its business connotations but who would prefer to stay away from the noise, the heat and certainly the savages of the infield.

Then there is Turn One, on the infield margin of which the most savage of the savages dwell. It is known, quite properly, as The Snake Pit. This is a young crowd of bikers, drifters and dopers, boozing and brawling. A favorite mode of recreation during periods of inaction on the track is the blanket toss, with victims sometimes being flipped higher than the nearby telephone poles. Occasionally the towers pull the blanket away just before touchdown. Kersplap! Like that.

On the first Saturday of qualifying last year, The Snake Pit became the scene of a massive streak-in that ended in a brawl with police. One fat pre-streaker worked his way uptrack to the flagman's tower, scaled it to shed his bib-overalls, then fell back into anonymity again. Another exhibitionist clambered up one of the tall ancient chimneys that line the infield, and there he sprawled, spread-eagled some 60 feet in the air on the upper branches, accepting the applause of Tarzan fans everywhere.

There is a plan under discussion among Speedway officials to defang The Snake Pit. Indiana State Police Lieut. Colonel James R. Dillman, who heads the police subcommittee of the Speedway Traffic Committee, proposes parking cars in the area and thus denying it to the beer and blanket crowd. Clarence Cagle, vice-president and superintendent of grounds for the Speedway, likes the idea, providing that a suitable traffic pattern can be developed for the area. He would like to see 70°, or so of the Pit converted into parking space. That should reduce the Snakes from their present numbers—perhaps 15,000 by best estimates—to controllable proportions. Still, the kids will be at the Speedway and will doubtless find some other part of the track to conduct their ritual rites of spring.

For all that, there is little increase in crime during race month. The sudden influx of a million visitors to a city whose

Continued

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INDY

population is 870,000 actually seems to reduce traffic violations. "It seems like we have very few accidents during May," says one veteran police reporter. "Maybe it's because there are so many people that nobody can go fast."

Once again it is time for a disclaimer. If talk of streakers and Snake Pit sounds (as it will to the thousands who revere Indy as a shrine) like a lot of sensational overstatement, one can only say that these are the facets that dazzle the observer's eye, thus obscuring the deep and mellow tones of the vengeful stone in which they are cut. Most of the race fans who attend Indy each year are serious, clean, church-going goodbodies who would never revel in automotive tragedy, or drink too much, or consort with prostitutes, or even know what they were feeling when they pick up a buzz from the cannabis fumes beclouding The Snake Pit. They are there for a decent and enjoyable event, a weekend of excitement and worship at the altar of that great American symbol, the automobile, which has in large part made us what we are today.

And yet. And yet. I cannot forget an incident that occurred in the bar of the Speedway Motel on a rainy afternoon three May's ago. Jim Malloy, a line-jockeyman driver from the West, had crashed in Turn Three during practice earlier that day. A group of race buffs from Fort Wayne were drinking screwdrivers and discussing war experiences, a common subject of conversation at any bar in Indy, from LaTour atop the Indiana National Bank Building to Mother Tuckers on West 16th Street. They were a bit snorized, as we say in the Middle West, but resplendent in their badge-bedecked racing jackets. The dominant man of the party, a chubby, balding chap with a voice like a stock-block engine, was recalling Korea.

While his admirers listened, he told of his wartime heroics. It was not a story of bursting from the trenches with gas blazing at the enemy, but of his exploits with a Korean girl. And then he polished off his drink and ordered up another.

"Yessir," he said. "Them was the days, all right." He paused, apparently remembering where he was. "Ummmm. Wonder whatever happened to that driver who hit the wall out there this morning," he said. "What was his name?"

"Malloy," I told him. "He's dying." Four days later Malloy was dead. **END**

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A man with a mustache and a woman are smiling and holding glasses of Ten High bourbon. The man is wearing a grey button-down shirt and the woman is wearing a yellow tank top. They are both holding glasses filled with the amber-colored liquid. The background is a plain, light color.

TEN HIGH

Bourbon Straight and True

Ron LeFlore is a 22-year-old center-fielder who has less than two years of professional experience and learned his baseball during a 38-month hitch at the State Prison of Southern Michigan, where such big-league staples as breaking balls and night games were absent. Yet his bats and base running have been instrumental in five of Detroit's victories. Last week, the Tigers were hot off a five-game winning streak in which LeFlore, who bats leadoff, had homered twice.

The week took LeFlore back to the site of his Aug. 1, 1974 major league debut, Milwaukee's County Stadium, where he had struck out three times in four at bats. And who should the opposing pitcher be but Jim Slaton, the very man who had given him such a humiliating initiation.

Slaton and LeFlore faced each other as the game began at 6 p.m., an hour that qualifies as daytime to satisfy the player-owner agreement that a night game should not precede an afternoon contest on a getaway day. In this two-night zone Slaton again hoped to tease LeFlore with outside breaking pitches. LeFlore waited him out. Slaton felt behind and was forced to come in with fastballs. Thwack! And thwack twice again. LeFlore hit two singles and a double—60'—of Detroit's offense in a 6-2 loss. Slaton was impressed.

The next day three of Detroit's pitchers absorbed a 17-3 pounding, but LeFlore had a single and a triple, stole a base and caused two Milwaukee throwing errors. "He's improved 100% over last year," said the winning pitcher, Pete Broberg.

With a .284 average and five stolen bases in the team's first 17 games, LeFlore was almost on target for his seasonal goals of a .300 average and 60 thefts, a feat last performed in Detroit by Ty Cobb.

But his manager, Ralph Houk, says realistically, "We won't know about him until we've played every team at least once. Then they'll have scouting reports on him, which I'm sure they never bothered to do last year."

Last summer LeFlore was brought up from Evansville and inserted in the starting lineup after Mickey Stanley suffered a broken hand. Having played just nine games of Triple A ball, LeFlore hotched flies and lunged after bad pitches. But with the Tigers well out of the

race and no substitute pressing him, he had time to improve, finishing the season with a .260 average and 23 steals in 59 games.

Reflecting on his progress, managers began to speak of him as one of the most promising young players in the league. Certainly he is one of the swiftest. "If a race were held between LeFlore and Claudell Washington of our club," says the A's world-class sprinter, Herb Washington, "the winner would be the second-fastest runner in baseball." Says Milwaukee Shortstop Robin Yount, "On one play last year he hit a hard shot at me and I threw quickly to first. Bang-bang. Just got him. From the right side he's the fastest to first I've seen."

LeFlore can steal second from a short lead and a late jump. He usually works his way on base by slapping the ball to right and right center. He is also the kind of ballplayer who can look ridiculous on two pitches and hit the third one out. Talk of stardom, though, is premature. LeFlore has weaknesses and is still picking up pointers he ordinarily would have learned in the minors. The Tigers would love to see him bunting on the American League's 30 grass infields, but so far he hasn't the knack. He is no longer an easy mark on inside pitches, but he can't pull them with power, and he still strikes out far too often on curves. Additionally, fly balls are sometimes cause for embarrassment. In the Milwaukee series Henry Aaron hit a lazy fly perhaps 10 yards short of him. LeFlore moved in, stopped, moved again and took it on the bounce. "LeFlore's got his own wind out there," said a press-box wit. LeFlore readily admits, "I'm still not familiar with all the fundamentals of baseball," but maintains that his fielding, bunting and hitting are coming along fine.

Learning to hit breaking balls and play under the lights are not the only adjustments Ron LeFlore is making. They are, in a sense, the least difficult for him.

"I told Ron that people would ask a lot of questions, and he had to answer them," says Tiger pinch hitter Gates Brown, an ex-con himself. "Because he's playing in his hometown, he also could have the problem of falling back into the same environment he came from. I know that because every time I go back to Ohio, guys I was in the joint with come up to me, and they haven't changed. You have



Ron LeFlore came out of prison to redeem himself in baseball

Man on a tightrope

to say hello and goodbye to people like that. And Ron has to be careful of the way he acts because people will be looking for things."

Accordingly, LeFlore lives at his parents' house, doesn't question umpires and does answer questions, no matter how personal. A television announcer once introduced him as a man who had gone "from stealing cars to stealing bases." "LeFlore winced. 'I never stole cars,'" he said later. He had, however, been a thief.

Although LeFlore's background on the East Side of Detroit was middle class, he stole \$1,000 from a supermarket when he was 11 by probing a cash deposit box with a stick that had a wad of gum at

tached to it. He went on to con games, shoplifting and casual heroin sniffing. At 17 LeFlore was sentenced to 5 to 15 years for armed robbery.

The State Prison of Southern Michigan is no Attica, but it isn't exactly a country club, either. LeFlore had fights, spent several months in solitary and saw a man murdered by a rival over a third inmate's affections.

LeFlore turned to sports, picking up 25 trophies in baseball, basketball and football. Hearing of his .569 prison average, the Tigers got him out for a day's tryout (on June 16, 1973, his 21st birthday) and assigned him to their Clinton, Iowa farm club when he was paroled two weeks later. In 13 months he completed the change from prison denim to Tiger double knit.

"There are a lot of people in prison who could play professional sports," LeFlore says, "but society doesn't want a thing to do with them. It seems to me that if you've committed a crime and gone to jail, you've paid the price."

To baseball's doubting employers the Tigers could point out that LeFlore has been applauded everywhere in the league and is something of a folk hero in Detroit. Besides, ex-cons have one distinct advantage over other rookies. "I guarantee there's no pressure on us," says Gates Brown. "Not after what we've been through."

THE WEEK

(April 27-May 3)

AL EAST In its 17-3 victory over Detroit, Milwaukee's Henry Aaron drove in two runs and broke Babe Ruth's career RBI record of 2,209. "No more plateaus," Aaron said. "I've never set any goals. I just do my best, and the records fall." Next night the Brewers, 5-1 for the week, took over the division lead when Billy Champion beat New York 4-2 for his fourth win.

Cleveland's Leron Lee joined another set of immortals—trivia's own Duffy Lewis, who once hit for Babe Ruth, and Carroll Hardy, who batted for Ted Williams—when he pinch-hit for Frank Robinson. Manager Robinson removed himself with the Indians trailing Boston 7-6 in the ninth, two men on and two out, so that the left-handed Lee could face right-handed Pitcher Diego Segui.

Lee fanned on three pitches. Nonetheless, Robinson said, "Nobody's that much better than us" when the Indians, 4-3, got welcome wins from Don Hood and Fritz Peterson.

The Yankees split eight games, two of the victories being Catfish Hunter's first wins of the season. After studying video tapes of his earlier starts Hunter held the Brewers hitless for 7½ innings, beating them 10-1 on three hits. Then he shut out Baltimore 5-0 on five hits.

Boston, 2-2, drew just 6,016 for the 7-6 Cleveland thriller and another 9,309 to watch an 8-1 loss to Gaylord Perry. The faithful few begged for power and booed slumping (.220) Carl Yastrzemski. Defending Yac, Manager Darrell Johnson said, "He's struggling, but I know he's going to start hitting sooner or later."

Baltimore was defenseless. As the Orioles dropped six straight, the bullpen lost control four times in the late innings. One night Centerfielder Paul Blair announced a mock lineup in the team bus: "Who do you have in your bullpen?" someone asked. "No one," said Blair. "All starters must finish."

NIL 12-7 DET 10-3 BOS 5-0
CLEV 5-2 NY 10-12 BAL 7-12

AL WEST "Another club can be beating you for six innings," said Texas Manager Billy Martin, "but for some reason the good ball clubs get tough and win them in the last three." In a 4-1 week his Rangers won twice in the late innings, but not entirely because they were tough. They scored the deciding run in the ninth to beat Chicago 2-1 without getting the ball out of the infield. Jim Sundberg, hit by a pitch, reached third on an error and scored when Lenny Randle hit a roller that Bill Melton couldn't get out of his glove. The next night, trailing California 3-0 in the ninth, Texas rallied, if that's the word for it, to win 4-3. Jeff Burroughs led off by striking out, but reached first when Bill Singer's wild pitch got by Catcher Elie Rodriguez. A double, two walks, a sacrifice fly and single later, the winning run scored on Reliever Frank Tanana's wild pitch.

The A's, who took over first place in a 2-2 week, demonstrated how late-inning baseball is really played. Beating Chicago 4-3 in 12 innings, they stole four bases in the last five innings. "They're a great club," said White Sox Manager Chuck Tanner. "They keep coming." Said A's Centerfielder Bill North, who drove in the winning run with a single, "We beat you with the long ball, on defense, with speed, every way." Chicago, 2-5, had no way. Pitching-poor, they were forced to use Rich Gossage, who was supposed to start the next day, for five innings of relief, and to keep starting Stan Bahnsen despite his 12.00 earned run average.

Kansas City lost five of seven and slipped

from first to fourth. The Royals, who have dropped nine of their last 12, gave up 60 runs and committed 15 errors. They did get seven stolen bases in two nights from Amos Otis, who thus tied an obscure league record set by Eddie Collins in 1912. "California came in here talking about their rabbits," said Otis. "They can keep their rabbits. We got some roadrunners." The race went to the rabbits, though, who took two of three, moving up a notch to second. The Angels managed a 4-3 week when Dick Lange, recalled from Salt Lake City, preserved Nolan Ryan's fifth win, 4-2 over Texas, with three strong innings of relief.

Minnesota paid tribute to baseball's brilliant spring scheduling by resting for three rain-outs and two off-days. Then they powdered the Royals 4-1 and 14-5 to win their only games. In the latter, Eric Soderholm became the first Twin to homer at home.

OAK 12-8 CAL 10-10 TEX 11-10
KC 12-11 MINN 5-10 CHU 8-12

NL EAST The Cubs won three of five to maintain baseball's best record, traded winless Burt Hooton to Los Angeles for Pitchers Geoff Zahn and Eddie Solomon and got this boost from Reliever Darold Knowles: "I see no reason why we can't finish near the top." Knowles hasn't exactly hurt. He and the rest of the bullpen have a combined ERA of 1.33: Manager Jim Marshall, otherwise known as Captain Hook, has used them in 10 of the past 11 games.

New York, 2-2, stayed in second because of its amazing starters. Tom Seaver beat the Cubs 9-1 and Jerry Koosman shut out Montreal 3-0 and drove in a run. Then the Mets drew Montreal's astounding Woodie Fryman, who one-hit them 3-0 for his third consecutive shutout. Fryman's record is 3-0, his ERA 0.53. Otherwise, the Expos were forgettable, losing four and pressuring Manager Gene Mauch to defend his kid lineup.

Pondering a five-game Philadelphia losing streak, Shortstop Larry Bowa said, "It's not the manager's fault or the coaches', it's us, the eight guys on the field. We're letting the pitchers down." Whereupon the Phillies racked up five wins with timely play from everyone. Dave Cash hit .591, Steve Carlton got his first win, Tug McGraw his first win and save and rookie Pitcher Tom Underwood just marveled. "From what I've seen," he said after beating the Pirates 6-2, "the only plays those guys in the infield don't make are the ones that can't be made."

As co-favored St. Louis and Pittsburgh dropped to fourth and fifth Pirate Pitcher Dock Ellis and Jerry Reuss threw shutouts for their first wins, but then the club dropped three to the Phillies. Cards Lynn McGlothen and Ken Forsch had complete-game victories, but Bob Gibson (0-3), whose ERA is

continued



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BASEBALL continued

5-91, lost again. Before McGlothen scooped Pittsburgh 3-0 with 10 strikeouts, St. Louis had been outscored 40-16.

CHI 14-8 NY 10-5 PHIL 11-10
PIT 9-10 STL 6-11 MONT 9-12

NL WEST As San Diego (page 25) came down to earth, Los Angeles rose, and though the injury-beset Dodgers played a patchwork lineup, they took five straight. Most inspired of the subs was Lee Lacy, who hit .450 over 14 games playing second base while Davey Lopes filled in for outfielders Bill Buckner and Jimmy Wynn. "I don't know what I'm going to do when all our people are ready," said Manager Walt Alston. "But I do know one thing—I'm not taking Lee Lacy out of the lineup. Not the way he's hitting." Speculation was that Lacy would stay at second and Lopes would move to short or center.

Looking for a lineup to challenge the Dodgers, Cincinnati, 3-2, moved Pete Rose from left field to third base, a position he last occupied in 1966. In his first start Rose had three assists, one putout and no errors before returning to left in the seventh inning. Other developments of significance: Gary Nolan, sore-armed and sidelined for two seasons, beat Atlanta 6-1 on five hits, and Tony Perez, with six RBIs in five games, broke out of a slump to pass Johnny Bench and take the league lead (20).

Atlanta lost four of the five games it played at Los Angeles and Cincinnati and the Braves riskily sold their 5'7" slugger, Larvell (Sugar Bear) Blanks, to choke up on the bat. Instead he took a mighty cut, and hit a ninth-inning homer to beat the Reds 6-5. "There were two outs and no one on," he said, "so I just took my swings."

In a 500-week the Astros won three of four from San Diego, getting their biggest blows from Bob Watson, surely the most adaptable slugger around. Watson has been hitting at a .382 clip while alternating between first base and left field and between 35-ounce and 42-ounce bats. "The heavier bat gives me density, but the lighter bat gives me control," he said. He has homered four times—three times with the lighter bat—and on Sunday he scored baseball's one millionth run.

The Giants lost a series to Los Angeles, and Manager Wes Westrum urged the club to "think about baseball." Discontent persisted. Pitcher Mike Caldwell was removed from a Houston game leading 4-1, and Reliever Randy Moffitt gave up three runs before the Giants pulled it out 5-4. Moffitt said he was ashamed to take the win. Said Caldwell, "They tell me to pitch 'em soft in the last inning and then they pull me." Said Westrum, "I was trying to save the game for him."

LA 16-8 CIN 12-12 ATL 13-10
SD 12-12 SF 11-11 WOS 9-17

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Wolves seldom attack, the author kept reminding himself, but he was all alone, and his only weapons were a caribou antler and a jackknife

Showdown on the tundra

The day it happened I had decided to take a walk after work on the night shift. Work was on the north slope of the Brooks Range in Alaska. It was May 1974, and we had begun construction of the trans-Alaska pipeline. I had taken a job at Galbraith Lake, the northernmost camp in the mountains.

Directly to the south of us, the mountains looked like upside-down V's—steep, rugged and forboding. To the east and west of camp, about three miles away, the mountains were not so fierce-looking; they were even rounded a little on top. To the north were the rolling hills that gently sloped down to the Arctic Ocean more than 100 miles away. I decided to walk north with my camera so I could get a picture of the camp with the rugged mountains south of us as a background.

It was four in the morning when I started walking. Already it was light enough for a good picture, the Arctic summer being upon us. To the east, the sun was hidden behind the mountains, illuminating the highest peaks to the south and to the west. That was the picture I wanted to get.

I had been walking for 15 minutes when I came across a shed caribou antler, three feet long, bleached white by the sun. It would make a perfect addition to the picture. I could lay it on a knoll and frame the camp inside the curved antler. It had six sharp tines on it, two of which were broken.

Carrying the antler, I walked for another hour toward the hill from which I had decided to take the picture.

Then I saw the wolf, a mere 50 yards away. He was coming into my path at

an angle in that peculiar bouncing walk wolves and coyotes have.

I stopped.

The wolf walked—walked is the wrong word—or, rather, bounced on little coil springs set into his knees until he was directly in front of me. Then he turned and looked at me as though he had known all along I was there.

I had known there were wolves in the country; in fact, I had seen them around the camp at night, searching for an easy meal of garbage. (Partly for this reason, all camp garbage is burned in an incinerator. Wolves in camp can only mean trouble for both man and wolf.) The wolves I had seen in camp had seemed particularly bold, unlike the few I had observed in the wilds.

My first response was to look for other wolves. The tundra was treeless and rolling, well-gulched and knolled. This is why I had not seen him earlier; he had just come out of a depression.

There he stood, on those tremendously long legs, staring at me. The nearest tree was at least 100 miles away, but still I thought about it. We are not allowed to have guns in the construction camps. All I had to protect myself were the brittle caribou antler and a jackknife with a three-inch blade.

Wolves seldom, if ever, attack, I said to myself.

I knew this to be true, but there stood an animal 50 yards away, hackles raised, staring at me—an animal that could kill me. Did he know that?

I knew that I could not show fear. Animals can sense this. If he sensed my fear . . . well, I could be in trouble. Maybe I was anyway.

I can't say how long we looked at each other. Ten seconds, 30, a minute maybe. I thought, *Hard. Fast.* I really had only one response: There was no place to run. There was no place to hide. I was two miles from camp and the safety of the buildings and my companions. There was no decision to make. The only thing I could do was to go on the offensive and convince the wolf that I was not a creature to be fooled with.

I decided to take my chances with the caribou antler. It was heavy enough and stout, and the tines were six to eight inches long. If it came to a showdown, I would go for his ribs, hoping that a tine would penetrate between them into the lungs. I would have my jackknife opened in my left hand. I remember smiling. It seemed

continued



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Then the wolf began to circle.

I forgot about the knife.

I began walking toward camp, directly in line with the wolf.

He stopped. I stopped.

Then I noticed the wind. I was downwind from him. Perhaps when he smelled me he would be scared away. After all, I was a man. Hadn't we ruled the earth for thousands and thousands of years? Yes, I thought, but not with a caribou antler. Even a primitive man would have been better armed. He would at least have had a spear. With a spear you could fight from a safe distance. I began to realize what a precarious position I was in. I had taken a lot for granted. Namely, my safety in a primitive setting. Obviously, this wolf had never been instilled with the fear of man. Any other wild animal, except perhaps for the grizzly bear—and even most of them—would have run at the sight of a man.

The wolf started circling again. I started walking.

He stopped. I stopped.

We studied each other. He was grayish-yellow and weighed about 80 pounds. Half my weight. And still he could kill me. What a frail, useless thing a man is, I thought, unable to hold his own against an animal half his size. And what a magnificent creature he was. Those long, powerful, agile legs perfectly evolved for the tundra. Running was the name of the game out here. I knew that wolves in a pack would chase a herd of caribou and then concentrate on the weakest animal, the one that fell behind. By now I was sure this was a lone wolf. Two miles away in the camp a helicopter revved its engines.

Then the movie camera started to grind again and the wolf began circling. I began walking again. Now I had a clear shot at camp . . . two miles away. There was no way I could outrun the wolf, but I felt a little better not having him directly between me and the camp. I knew it was a false tinge of security, but still it was comforting.

I forced my mind off the camp and back to the caribou antler, which was my real security. Go for the ribs. It's liable to break if you hit him on the skull, I told myself. I kept looking at the tines. If only I had a couple of hours to sharpen them on a rock. Then I would have something. They were about as sharp as

a table knife, except one that was noticeably sharper.

The wolf stopped. I stopped.

Then he sat down facing me.

I longed to know what was going on in his brain. Why had he sat down? What was he thinking? He surely wasn't afraid. Man was so new to this country. It was too far from the ocean for the Eskimos to bother with, and too far north for the Athabascan Indians. But hunters had been flying in to hunt Dall sheep for many years, and had shot wolves from airplanes using shotguns loaded with buckshot. The latter practice had been outlawed for only two years. Had the wolves forgotten already? Why wasn't he afraid?

I decided to make the next move. Toward camp. The wolf was sitting on my left, far off the line to camp, but still only 50 yards away. He had been circling carefully, getting neither closer nor farther away. Sitting on my left. Heck, it meant nothing.

I took a step and the wolf leaped to his feet as though stung by a bee. I stopped, frozen in midstep. He circled and I began walking again.

Wolves seldom, if ever, attack, I told myself.

But they're supposed to run, another voice said.

Then he stopped. I stopped.

He was facing me, and I could clearly see his raised hackles. I growled, not instinctively, but a well-thought-out growl. Again I contemplated the caribou antler. It was a little long for a quick swing, a little cumbersome for close-in hand-to-hand combat. No. Hand-to-teeth combat. Go for the ribs.

Then he moved. This time directly at me.

I moved toward him, growling, this time a little more instinctively.

We moved a dozen steps toward each other before he stopped.

I stopped.

Five seconds passed. I knew what I had to do. I had to make the next move.

I stepped toward him and he leaped six feet to one side as though stung again. Then he retreated those dozen steps he had taken earlier. Back to his 50-yard perimeter. He stopped and looked at me.

I stopped. My whole body swelled with relief. He had retreated. He had shown fear. Or at least the next best thing to fear—confusion. For the first time I realized that I was shaking. But it was over,

continued

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wasn't it? He had retreated. He didn't want a fight. Once again I was glad that he was alone.

I turned away and began walking toward camp. He was off to the side circling again, wanting to get downwind for a smell. I speeded up.

Don't walk too fast, I shouted inside my brain. He might sense fear. So I stopped and faced the wolf again. He stopped.

We were now 75 yards apart, too far to see if his hackles were still raised. We stared at each other for at least a minute and I then turned and began walking again.

This time I did not stop. If he followed, I knew what I was going to do. I should have done it in the first place. I would stop and lash my jackknife to the end of the antler. I could use a boot-lace. Perhaps I should stop and do it now, I thought. No, keep walking. The wolf was following my trail, sniffing my tracks and raising his nose to the wind. I went into a gully and now the wolf was out of sight.

Five minutes passed and I had not seen him. I walked rapidly, straight for camp. It seemed a lot closer now. Fifteen minutes passed. No wolf. For the first time I felt safe. No, elated. I found that I had developed a very warm feeling for my carbon antler. Without it, I might have acted differently. I might not have had the nerve to walk at the wolf with only a jackknife. I wondered what the wolf had in mind when he came at me. What would have happened if I had walked toward camp instead of at him? What would have happened if I had panicked and run? What would I have done without the antler? There was no way of knowing, because my whole defense had been dependent on the antler. Once again I had a warm feeling for it.

Soon I was standing on a knoll 300 yards from camp. I could smell bacon. The day shift had just gotten up and was going to breakfast. The sun had cleared the mountain to the east. It was a beautiful morning.

I stood on the knoll wondering what to do with the antler. I could take it with me on the airplane when I left, but it would cheapen the value of the antler to take it away. It had served me well. I would always have it anyway, in my mind.

I dropped it to the ground. Like a fake Hollywood chair, it broke in half. **END**



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Patching a tattered image

A crazy-quilt court will add even more color, and "spectaculars" may cut costs as World Team Tennis revs up and moves into its second season

The court was a patchwork quilt of maroon, blue, green and brown rectangles, the sort of thing the Mad Hatter might have had in his backyard. Instead of the usual legions of doting linesmen encircling the court, just four men per match did the umpiring and the calling of lines and lets. Boston Player-Coach Ion Tiriac, wounded in his Romanian soul by what he thought was a bad call, defaulted a game, even though it was just an exhibition. World Team Tennis (WTT) was back for its second season, and it looked rarer than ever.

The occasion was an eight-team practice tournament last week at a new Houston-area resort, Walden on Lake Conroe, with a wooden trophy called the Walden Goblet going to the winner, the New York Sets. The basic code format was unchanged from last year: five sets of tennis—women's doubles, either men's or women's singles, men's doubles, the other singles, mixed doubles—with the team winning the most games winning the match. Substitutions are allowed, but no player can appear in more than two sets.

Last year all 16 teams lost money but finished the season, which is more than the World Football League could say. The Philadelphia Freedoms, led by Billie Jean King, lost only five matches in the regular season but were upset in the final playoff round by the Denver Racquets. From the beginning fans were encouraged to ring bells, bang on triangles and yell to their lungs' content, which horrified tennis purists. Stacks of bills went unpaid, acres of seats went unfilled, yet last week WTT President Larry King was outwardly optimistic.

"A number of teams will make money when you consider appreciation of value," he said. "Some will even make an operating profit. I think our investment is going to be a lot less than we expected. Our league is in terrific shape."

First, let's get the teams straight, which is no easy thing nowadays. Seven teams

have gone the way of the dodo: the Chicago Aces, Baltimore Banners, Minnesota Bucks, Houston EZ Riders, Florida Flamingos, Toronto-Buffalo Royals and Boston Lobsters. The nine survivors are the New York Sets, Los Angeles Strings, Golden Gate (Oakland), Pittsburgh Triangles, Hawaii Leis, Cleveland Nets, Boston Loos (moved from Philadelphia), Phoenix Racquets (moved from Denver) and Indiana Loves (moved to Indianapolis from Detroit). The 10th team is the San Diego Friars—a strange nickname when you consider there are women on the club. Will they be called nuns?

There have been player shifts and departures, too, the most important of which was King going from Philadelphia to New York, where she will no doubt continue to be WTT's biggest drawing card. Ken Rosewall, John Alexander and Jimmy Connors have not returned, but Margaret Court signed on with Hawaii and Marty Riessen is the player-coach at Cleveland. And the league still boasts Evonne Goolagong (Pittsburgh) and Rosemary Casals (Los Angeles).

Everyone agreed that there were too few spectators and too much travel in '74, and some of the teams have come up with a scheduling innovation called the "spectacular." For instance, on June 4 in the Los Angeles Sports Arena there will be a four-match carnival (or marathon) featuring L.A., New York, Golden Gate, San Diego, Phoenix, Boston, Hawaii and Indiana.

"We and the Los Angeles people are strong in our belief in the spectacular concept rather than shotgunning 22 home matches against single teams and trying to promote each one," says Indiana President Bill Bereman.

"The only argument you hear against the spectacular concept is that you won't be able to build city identity. I won't argue that, it might happen. But the other argument is, 'Why lose a lot of money

trying to build city identity?' The 'spectacular' concept definitely decreases costs."

Five of the teams are doing without spectators, four are siding with Indiana, so the league, if it lasts, should be able to find out which way draws best.

The second big innovation is the varicolored court, manufactured by Sportface (not Parker Bros.) and decorated with acrylic paint, which also serves to make the surface slower. The doubles alleys are maroon, the backcourts brown, the deuce service courts royal blue and the ad service courts green. There are no lines. President King, who wants WTT to adopt the idea right away, claims that the linesmen will be more accurate calling areas instead of lines and that the patchwork-quilt court will serve as a memorable "signature" for the league, just as the red, white and blue ball has been for the American Basketball Association. (WTT, unlike the ABA, has a legal exclusive on the idea.)

The Walden matches were videotaped for later showing in WTT's 11 market areas, and King made sure to invite the owners into the TV truck to see how the court looked on screen. The near-unanimous opinion was that it looked fine and the yellow ball was easy to follow. However, the players will be harder to convince.

"We need a different shade of green," said Billie Jean. "Off the green I couldn't see the ball well."

"It looks too circusy," said Wendy Turnbull of Boston.

"It's very hard to follow the ball," said Francoise Durr of Phoenix.

The four-officials idea seemed to work nicely at Walden. Two linesmen sat on platforms stationed on opposite sidelines between service lines and baselines. Two others were on ground-level seats at each end. One of the side linesmen also served as umpire. Since each man had more responsibility, they seemed to pay closer attention, and the calls were at least as good as at regular matches.

Picking a league champion at this point is almost impossible because, if the WTT owners have done nothing else, they have come up with well-matched teams. En route to the Walden Goblet last week, New York beat Los Angeles 25-24, Cleveland 29-27 and Indiana 28-25.

"It's going to be hairy," said Billie Jean King.

END

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Some hockey players never learn.

Take Norm Ferguson. Ferguson played for the Oakland Seals in the NHL for four years before the creation of the WHA, and during that time he had a few on-ice encounters with Gordie Howe of the Detroit Red Wings. What Ferguson should have learned, but obviously didn't, was that an encounter with Mr. Howe leaves one party—not Gordie—with a pained expression, along with sore ribs or a black eye. So last week there was Ferguson, now a San Diego Mariner, chasing Mr. Howe, now a Houston Aeros, into the corner after a loose puck. *Chop! Chop! Chop!* Out came Howe with the puck, and off went Ferguson to the doctors' room for facial repairs. In his last hurrah at the pensioner age of 47, Ol' No. 9 was leaving the boys with stitches to remember him by.

When last we looked in on the Howe family, the Houston Aeros had won the Avco World Trophy to become the 1973-74 WHA champion. Gordie was the league's MVP; son Mark was the officially ordained Rookie of the Year; another son, Marty, was the popular choice as Rookie Defenseman of the Year; and wife-mother-agent Colleen was trying feverishly but unsuccessfully to sell their act in the Houston endorsement market. Not much has changed. Last week Gordie *et al* played dominant roles as Houston completed its devastation of the San Diego Mariners in four straight semifinal playoff games. Then on Saturday night at the Sam Houston Coliseum Gordie scored and Mark got an assist as the Aeros thumped the Quebec Nordiques 6-2 in the opening game of their best-of-seven championship series. Off the ice, Colleen was still receiving stiff resistance from the advertising money men around Houston, probably because Texans generally link sex with alcohol, not hockey.

Catch the Howe show, male version, in the final win over San Diego. The Aeros trail 4-3 early in the third period, but Gordie muscles Jimmy Hargreaves, a 25-year-old Mariner, off the puck along the boards, wheels out and—using Mark as a screen—wrists a 30-foot tying bullet past Mariner Goalie Russ Gillow, who promptly leaves the game. "Geez," Gordie says as Gillow departs and Ernie Wakely comes in, "my shot's not that bad, is it?" Now overtime

Now Howes about that!

Houston is tops in the WHA, but a murmur in the heart of Texas

"You know, in my 27 seasons in the big leagues," Gordie says, "the one thing I've never done is score a goal in sudden death." Tough. On Houston's first rush, Mark lures a San Diego defenseman out of position, slips the puck to linemate Jim Sherrit and then watches Sherrit slap a 25-footer past Wakely for the decisive goal. "I didn't even get to take a shot," Dad grumbles. "Geez."

Although Gordie will retire—again—after the playoffs, he has already announced that he will retire—again—in October and play the Aeros' first game in the new 16,000-seat Summit, which, as Texans expect, will be the poshest place this side of Versailles. Then he will retire—again—to a still undetermined position in the Aeros' executive suite.

Some minority owners of the Aeros, urged on by Gordie and Colleen, are trying to wrest control of the team from Irvin Kaplan, who also owns the NBA's Houston Rockets. If the minority bloc gets control, and it most likely will, it intends to oust 34-year-old Jim Smith as president and general manager and replace him with—who else?—Gordie Howe. Smith, who engineered the \$2 million financial coup that brought the Howes to Houston two years ago, is understandably bitter but seems resigned.

For their part, Gordie and Colleen blame Smith and Kaplan for not allocating enough money to promote the Aeros properly. In fact, the team had only two sellouts in 39 home games this year, and playoff attendance has averaged slightly more than 7,000 per game in the 9,000-seat Coliseum.

Smith admits that the Aeros spent next to nothing on promotion this past season. "The club has lost about \$2.5 million over three years," Smith says. "The sad fact is that we could sell out every game in the Coliseum and still lose money. But the way it looks now, the club probably will cover all its operating expenses just from the sale of season tickets at the Summit next season."

Money aside, the Aeros have provided Houston with a winner. Scratch Phila-

continued



TWO HOWE WINGS. MARK AND GORDIE. TAKE TO THE ICE AGAINST SAN DIEGO

delphia, Buffalo and Montreal from the NHL, and both Houston and Quebec could play on a competitive basis with the remaining teams in the old league. Houston Coach Bill (Fox) Dineen offers no secrets for his club's success the past two seasons. "We've used the same three lines for two years now," he says, "and we've also kept two of our three defensive pairs intact. Why break up combinations that work well? In this game you can outthink yourself if you try."

For starters, there's the Grandfather Line, with Gordie playing right wing, Mark on the left and Sheritt at center. Then there's the Go-Go Line, featuring three recruits from the minor league Phoenix Roadrunners—Larry Lund, Andre Hinc and Frank Hughes. And finally, the Over-the-Hill Gang of Captain Ted Taylor, Murray Hall and Gordon Labossiere. For added impact Dineen signed up a new Kid Line this season, consisting of Center Terry Ruszkowski, Right Wing Don Larway and Left Wing Rich Preston. Larway was the

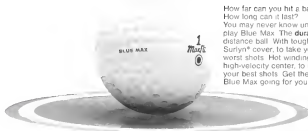
No. 1 draft choice of the Boston Bruins but joined the Aeros for more than \$100,000 per year. The defense is solid, with steady but unspectacular types such as John Schella, Paul Popiel, Larry Hale and Glen Irwin, along with Marty Howe, one of the game's ruggedest body checkers. "Our only real change," Dineen says, "has been in goal."

After leading the Aeros to the Avco Trophy, Goalender Don (Smokey) McLeod demanded a 200% raise to the neighborhood of \$100,000, but the Aeros declined to meet his terms, so McLeod signed with the Vancouver Blazers. This season Dineen rotated veteran Wayne Rutledge and rookie Ron Grahame throughout the regular schedule, but has stuck with Grahame during the playoffs, even though the University of Denver All-America is a skating advertisement for Ace Bandages. Right now he has two bad knees that require the full tape treatment twice daily. Despite his disabilities, Grahame came up with two shutouts in the first three games against San Diego,

and stopped 122 of the 123 shots fired at him. In the final Mariner game he gave up four goals but Grahame would like to claim an asterisk for that performance. "I'm superstitious," he says. "What I look for is a repetition of things. Like if I made it through a certain stoplight coming to a game and then played well, you can be sure that I'm going to make it through that same stoplight the next game."

Grahame followed his superstitious instincts prior to the last game in Houston, but just before the opening face-off he stopped a practice shot with the blade of his skate, and the blade cracked. Grahame panicked, he hadn't worn his other skates in months. "If there's a welder in the crowd, would he report immediately to the Aeros dressing room," the P.A. man announced. No welder appeared, so Grahame had to wear the old skates. He tripped over himself a few times, and he had trouble regaining his feet after sprawling for saves, but he survived. Then again, he knew Howe to do it. **END**

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He's put hop into Hopkins



Under new Coach Chic Ciccarone, the Blue Jays are looser, but not losers. Led by burly Franz Wittelsberger (27), they are undefeated

At Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore national championships in lacrosse are almost as inevitable as final exams. The school has won or shared 30 titles, the last one coming way back in 1974. Now the Blue Jays are making an impressive bid for their 31st. Last week at West Point they outlasted Army 13-10 to remain the only unbeaten (8-0) college lacrosse team in the nation and to keep a firm hold on their No. 1 ranking.

Curiously, 1975 was supposed to be one of those off years when Hopkins would finish perhaps as low as fourth in the country. For openers, 11 seniors had graduated from last season's championship team, including three-time first-team All-Americans Jack Thomas and Rick Kowalchuk, who had dominated the Blue Jays' offense in recent years. To make matters worse, the team's only returning starting defenseman, Dennis Gagliardi, tripped over a blade of grass in a preseason scrimmage, tore ligaments in his left knee and was lost for the season. And worst of all, Bob Scott, who had

directed Hopkins to seven national titles in the past 20 years, had given up coaching to devote all his energies to being athletic director.

Despite all that, most experts, including 1974 Co-captain Thomas, feel this Blue Jay team, which starts only one senior, is already better than last year's. Just about the only person not startled by this turn of events is the new coach, Henry (Chic) Ciccarone. He has evinced about as much surprise over his team's superb play as most people display over the arrival of their morning newspaper, even though he earlier had mumbled something about this being a rebuilding year. Perhaps that was just a little Ciccarone chicanery.

"People kept telling me, 'You've got a tough act to follow,'" he says. "An easy act to follow wouldn't be that much of a challenge or that much fun. It's no fun to go out there knowing you're going to win."

If that is the case, then Ciccarone is in danger of becoming bored. The young

Blue Jays are beginning to look invincible with their combination of excellent goaltending, a three-pronged attack and good old-fashioned teamwork. Goalie has been a problem position for most teams in lacrosse this year, since only Virginia and Hopkins among the major colleges have returning starters. Hopkins Goaltender Kevin Mahon, a skinny Irishman nicknamed The Elf, is a sophomore and did not become a regular until late last season after the Blue Jays had already lost twice. They upset Maryland in his first start and have not lost since. In Hopkins' most impressive performance this year, a 16-9 road win over No. 2-ranked Cornell, the Blue Jays scored on 16 of 34 shots, while Mahon allowed the Big Red just nine goals on 59 shots.

The Hopkins attack of junior Franz Wittelsberger, sophomore Richie Hirsch and freshman Mike O'Neill is almost perfectly balanced and plenty prolific. Against Army, they combined for 11 of the Blue Jays' 13 goals. Of the trio, O'Neill, a prize recruit from Massapequa (N.Y.) High School and one of 11 children, has been the most surprising—even to himself. He looked unimpressive during preseason practices and did not expect to start until midway through the schedule. "I was trying too hard," he says. "Then the coaches took me to one side and told me that I was going to start our opener with Virginia. And they also let me know that they were going to go with me all year. I relaxed. I guess I just needed the security." O'Neill scored five times in his debut against the Cavaliers as Hopkins won 10-9. He also had five-goal games against Cornell and Denison.

It was Wittelsberger who had the five-goal day against Army, and it is he who has been what Assistant Coach Jerry Schnydmann calls "The Man" for Hopkins all year. At 6' 2", 210 pounds, Wittelsberger is a leviathan among attackers. Lacrosse is a contact sport, but most lacrosse players are not prepared for the kind of contact Wittelsberger makes. In the Virginia game, Cavalier Goalie Roddy Rullman ventured out of the crease with the ball and took a hit from Wittelsberger. Rullman went to the hospital with a cut lip and to have a possible concussion checked out. Wittelsberger played on and Hopkins came from behind to win in overtime.

With Hopkins leading 8-6 midway

continued



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Allow three weeks for delivery.

through the third quarter at West Point, Wittelsberger scored two unassisted goals in 30 seconds by muscling his way through the swarming Army defense for point-blank shots. In the fourth period, the aggressive young Cadets had rushed back to close the score to 11-9 when Wittelsberger took the ball in a corner at the Army end of the field with 3:23 to play. He bailed past the Cadet defenseman covering him and ran right over Goalie Jose Olivero, who had unwisely stepped out of the crease, before throwing in the goal that sealed the game. It was his 31st score of the season, and he leads the team with 48 points, three more than Hirsch and six more than O'Neill. "You can put two or three men on Wittelsberger and they just bounce off him. He can dominate a game by himself," said Army Coach Al Pisano.

The rest of the Blue Jays have backed up Wittelsberger's punishing individual maneuvers with unselfishness and precision passing. "On this team everybody puts in his two cents," says Billy (Broadhead) McCutcheon, a senior who runs on the second midfield and has a chance to be the first player to appear in four straight national championship games. "Sometimes we're almost too unselfish," says Ciccarone. "We make one too many passes."

Ciccarone feels that this year's team is more closely knit than last season's, and even Scott does not hesitate to point out. "The players admit they're enjoying it more this year than last. Chic has a quick sense of humor. He is able to drive his players awfully hard, which he most certainly does, and still have them enjoy themselves." "I look forward to practice," adds Wittelsberger. "It's like a party every day."

Certainly the lacrosse regimen at Hopkins is more relaxed than in former years. Ciccarone runs his team with what one player describes as "controlled leniency." He is not as reserved as Scott, who says, "Chic was an outgoing personality when he was a player here. He was into a lot of different things socially and extracurricularly. Let's put it that way." "Chic was a hell-raiser," says a close friend. "Let's put it that way."

During road trips, which on a lacrosse budget include long bus rides and occasional stops at McDonald's, Ciccarone's assistant coaches and players are presented with mimeographed quizzes. There are questions for trivia experts ("In Hop-

kins *Square*, who usually sits in the bottom left-hand corner of the board?"; sports fanatics ("The designated hitter of the Orioles is _____"); lacrosse coaches ("How many time-outs is a college lacrosse team allowed in a regulation game?") This one stumped one of the assistants, and lacrosse players ("Name the young lady who made silicone shots famous"). There are also questions to which only a Hopkins man would be apt to know the answers. No. 2 on the road to West Point was "Jerry Schnydmann is how tall?," a question that would have been better phrased, "Jerry Schnydmann is how short?" At any rate, the official answer to that and No. 27 ("Jerry Schnydmann wishes he were how tall?") was one and the same: 5'1 1/4". However, that was not the right answer to No. 38 ("Jerry Schnydmann's wife wishes he were how tall?"). Five-foot-eight was the correct reply to that one.

Another indication of the difference between Scott and his successor is the way each refers to 47-year-old Assistant Coach Fred Smith, the senior member of the staff and the head man at Hopkins when Scott was a player. In front of his team Scott always said "Coach Smith." Ciccarone prefers "Uncle Freddie."

Ciccarone, 37, grew up in nearby Annapolis, spent two years in the Marine Corps and then enrolled at the U.S. Naval Academy. His stay there lasted six months. "The restrictions at the Academy were much greater then," he says. "To me, that wasn't the way to spend four of the best years of your life." The following fall (1958) he was at Hopkins. There he played single-wing tailback on the football team and midfielder in lacrosse under Scott, progressing from third- to second- to first-team All-America in his three varsity seasons.

In his junior year Ciccarone married Sue Gordon, whom he had met when he was someone else's escort on a triple date. "I sat on his straw hat and he couldn't resist me after that," she says. They now have four sons ranging in age from seven to 13. Ciccarone remained at Hopkins as an assistant coach for seven years after graduating, left to sell boilers and compressors for Tate Engineering in 1970 and renamed as "associate" coach last season after Scott had handpicked him to be his successor. For the unbeaten Blue Jays, it obviously has been a happy choice in more ways than one. **END**

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The papers are filled with stories against smoking.
But many people are continuing to smoke. They like it.

Yet it's obvious that there are smokers who have become concerned about what they've been hearing about 'tar' and nicotine. And so - many of them are trying lower 'tar' and nicotine cigarettes.

If you're a smoker who's become concerned, you (and millions like you) have been facing a dilemma.

Until Vantage, cigarettes that had lots of flavor had lots of 'tar' and nicotine. And cigarettes that were way down in 'tar' and nicotine were way down in taste.

Most smokers found that most low 'tar' cigarettes just didn't make it. But then we started making Vantage.

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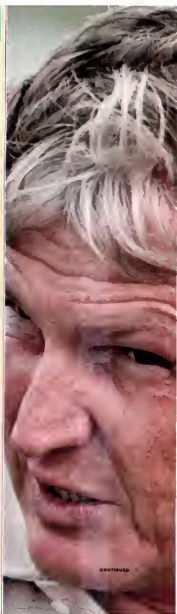
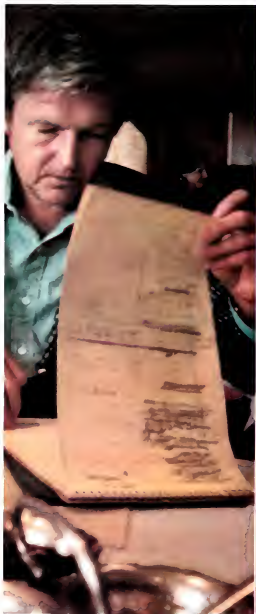
ON HIS MARK AND GO-GO-GOING

Most powerful man in pro sport, Mark McCormack does not let travel, sleep, food or talk interrupt his dash to who knows where

BY LAY HENLEY



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN SACORD



CONTINUED

apartment overlooking Central Park, in his elegant London town house, in his palm-draped condominium in the Fijian Islands. "The sun never sets on my condos," says McCormack.

Nor on his empire. With 250 employees in 12 offices around the world, McCormack's International Management Group, a vast complex of companies specializing in athlete management and sports promotion, is busy turning muscle into money somewhere on the globe 24 hours a day.

And so very nearly is McCormack. Even after he has showered, dressed Jean-Claude Killy socks, Fran Tarkenton shirt, Rod Laver suit, Tony Jacklin shoes—and embarked on his business day, the image of the runner remains. Indeed, when McCormack hits full stride, jet hopping oceans and continents, playing his bank of push-button telephones like a Wurlitzer or giving dictation while being measured for the latest in John Newcombe casual wear, the thudding football at 100 beats per minute almost can be heard.

Though his finish line is not yet in sight, the total of his split times already precludes the need for a closing kick. Mark H. McCormack, 44, of Pepper Pike, Ohio long ago lapped the field. He is the most powerful man in professional sport.

Pete Roelle or Bowie Kuhn or Reece Arledge or Charles O. Finley might beg to differ. But they and all the other so-called sports czars seem but provincial chieftains in the wide, wide world where McCormack reigns. Though some of his subjects consider him a grubbing despot, McCormack commands bows from even as intense a competitor as Bob Woolf, the Boston attorney who occasionally has claimed the most-powerful title for himself. "I have nothing but admiration for McCormack," says Woolf. "He is one of the pioneers, the man who helped bring integrity and professionalism to the field. I'd like to meet him some time."

There's not much chance of that. McCormack himself does not deign to dabble much in team sports, the area in which Woolf and most other sports lawyers concentrate. Notoriety by headline, salary disputes, recruiting wars, league jumpings, strikes and suits are unseemly to McCormack. Nonetheless, his IMG staff not only dabbles in that end of the business, it dominates it. IMG engineered the stunning \$384 million deal

that is scheduled to send the celebrated Miami Dolphin trio of Larry Csonka, Jim Kick and Paul Warfield to the NFL. And McCormack's people arranged it so that the threesome will get paid whether the league folds or not. It is just one measure of McCormack's far-flung clout that team sports, the field most often associated with jock managers, represents barely 5% of his total operation.

Indeed, Mark the man-machine seems limited only by the sweep hand on his Jackie Stewart watch, which is permanently set five minutes ahead "to get me inspired." While making a pit stop recently at the refrigerator in Evonne Goolagong's condominium in Hilton Head, S.C., McCormack confessed to the obvious. "Time," he said, while munching on a fistful of American cheese for breakfast, "time is my No. 1 enemy."

The competition for that distinction is heavy. Over the past 15 years, from the day he turned his first nickel on behalf of Arnold Palmer, still his premier client, to this year, when IMG will gross \$25 million or so, McCormack has elicited the kind of reactions that charitably might be called mixed. In Britain he has been called Mark the Knife, in New Zealand the Traveling Computer, in France the Midas of Muscle and in the U.S., well, take your pick. Parasite, megalomaniac and cold fish are a few of the more enduring appraisals.

Of course, the opinions vary, depending on whether the speaker is a giver or a taker. "The best thing that ever happened to me in my entire life was meeting Mark McCormack," says Gary Player. "All the material success I've had I owe to him. He has gotten me the best contracts, the most lucrative deals. But for Mark I'd have just been peanuts."

Just how hard a bargain McCormack drives is reflected by the fact that "McCormack Numbers" has become a front-office euphemism for exorbitant demands; some players have even been known to get a pay raise merely by threatening to join IMG. Still, McCormack has won grudging respect in the boardrooms of the world. John DeLorean, who as top man at Pontiac and later Chevrolet went head-to-head with McCormack on many big-money endorsement deals, says, "All I know is when I get to that big economic entity up in the sky I want McCormack to represent me."

No one, foe or friend, would be surprised if McCormack already had \$1.

To run means, of this world who have watched him whiz by these many years, it is a source of amusement that Mark H. McCormack still feels compelled to scribble the word "run" atop his things-to-do-today list. As superfluous as that is like reminding Secretariat to giddyup or a bullet to accelerate. "The plain truth is," says a close friend, "Mark has been running flat-out and hell-bent for who knows where since birth."

Still, McCormack is nothing if not a slave to the directives he jots down on his trusty yellow legal pad each day, blocking out a track meet or a schedule that would leave the average fast-stepping tycoon gasping at the first turn. So if the pad says "run," run he does—at place, arms churning, knees pumping above the waist, left foot stomping out a rhythmic pace of 100 beats a minute, just as his trainer, Gary Player, taught him.

McCormack, a tall, graying blond with a look of perpetual anticipation, runs in the dim solitude of predawn, blotting his Arnold Palmer pajamas with sweat long before most mortal toilers are even stirring. As he runs he plots, his eyes scanning the notations on his pad: "Call Stockholm re ski promo"; "Review Brooks Robinson cash flow"; "Cricket but tie-in?" And he runs everywhere, in his \$300,000 split-level in suburban Cleveland, in his futuristic Manhattan

Peter under contract for halo and harp rights plus a 30% cut of the Pearly Gates. As it is his behind-the-scenes operation so nearly resembles another of his unflattering nicknames, Octopus Unltd., that the public as well as those within IMG's grasp have little notion of its all-embracing reach.

In 1973, for example, when most of the male players boycotted Wimbledon to protest the banning of Nikki Pilic, McCormack was split every which way. Not only was IMG under contract to film the matches, but nearly all the principals were McCormack clients: Wimbledon itself, the BBC, which televised the event; John Newcombe, spokesman for the players; Roger Taylor, who defied the boycott; World Championship Tennis, which was apprehensive about the effect of the boycott on its tour; and the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association, which feared that Forest Hills might also be sabotaged. Bud Collins, the man in the TV booth who was supposed to explain the meaning of it all, may have had a slight advantage in getting the word from all sides; he, too, is a McCormack man.

Though conflicts of interest seem to abound, McCormack protests otherwise. "There are two things you do to solve that problem," he says. "First, you make a full disclosure of your commitments to all parties. Second, you get the consent of all parties. We did that at Wimbledon, and we must have done a good job because everyone is still with us."

McCormack has been on so many sides of so many negotiating tables that it is almost impossible to define what he is. Say he's an agent and he will run you through with a nine-iron. "I'm not an agent," he insists. "Agents are fat bald guys with cigars. Agents book bands. I'm a manager, sort of an engineer of not only careers and lives but of things, of concepts, ideas." How many careers? "Let's see, what day is today?"

McCormack keeps no active client list for fear that rivals will use it to lure away prospects ("Look at that gang of names! Go with McCormack, kid, and you'll get lost in the crowd"). The IMG lineup includes more than 150 athletes and 100 other assorted celebrities, teams, associations, corporations and TV networks. What do model Jean Shrimpton, Xerox, the Atlanta Flames, Oriole Manager Earl Weaver, Singapore Broadcasting, Bystander Bill True and the Professional Archers Association have in common? The an-

swer is McCormack, who says, "Stacking us up against our competition is like comparing General Motors to a garage."

Haughty as that may sound, Suite 1300, One Erieview Plaza, Cleveland, otherwise known as the Wonderful World of Tax Shelters, Capital Gains and Deferred Compensations, does indeed resemble a large assembly line. When a new client comes in one door, he will go out the other greased, tuned and buffed like a showroom model. Beyond the usual merchandising and contract negotiating, IMG may pay an athlete's bills, supervise his investments, answer his mail, direct his publicity, handle his insurance, put him on a budget, plan his estate, arrange his itineraries, sell his book, buy his wife's birthday present and lend a sympathetic ear at two a.m. to hear why his coach doesn't love him anymore.

Depending on the sport and the services rendered, IMG's fee can go as high as 50% of a player's total earnings. The average is 25%. "And why not?" says McCormack, who earns \$900,000 a year. "We have the contacts, we have the expertise and we have the clients. We don't do anything for 10%."

Profitwise, as the boys in Suite 1300 like to say, IMG does plenty to justify its \$2.5 million payroll. The 10 companies comprising IMG overlap and interlock in ways so subtle that they are best explained by a hypothetical example.

Suppose for a fanciful moment that you are president of Amalgamated Cridles Inc., and sales are down. The problem has something to do with a spotty marketing mix. Enter Merchandising Consultants International, an IMG enterprise designed to advise corporations on "the promotional uses of sport for commercial purposes." If MCI were to hand out criddle endorsements strictly to IMG clients (and why not?), it might have its sister company, International Merchandising Corporation, bring in Bjorn Borg (youth market), Frank Robinson (ethnic), John Havlicek (New England), Stan Mikita (Midwest) and Pele (international).

What's that? Mothers love criddles, too? Say no more. IMC will deliver, direct from Cape Town, the Rosenkowitz sextuplets, IMG clients all, to cry their little hearts out for criddles.

With that kind of demographic slice, how can Amalgamated miss? And speaking of slices, you absolutely must have International Management Inc. stage

one of its fab VIP golf weekends. You invite your target accounts, and IMI will provide your choice of stars from its stable of three dozen golfers and handle all the arrangements, right down to plastering the old Cridles logo on everything from the cocktail napkins to the courtesy cars. And for the awards banquet IMI will bring in as Winsome Twosome: Dave Marr spinning his priceless clubhouse yarns followed by the 1970 U.S. Open champ crooning selections from his latest album *Tony Jacklin Strings*. . . .

With that kind of talent around, how can you resist staging your own TV sports spectacular? How about *The Cridles Kick the Can Open*? Just the ticket to perk up your lagging six-pack sales. Trans World International Inc. will create, package and sell the show. And with IMG's cast of luminaries, the possibilities are endless. Archie Manning, dynamite in the Southern market, will captain one team, and for the violence freaks, Dick Butkus the other. Chris Schenkel will handle the luck-by-ick. Willie Shoemaker, up on a white charger, will lead the Parade of Champions. Motomarketing International Inc. will supply his escort: Emerson Fittipaldi in a Go-kart. That's always a laugh-getter. The float, towed by the French Connection line of the Buffalo Sabres, will feature Janet Lynn pirouetting on an Arnold Palmer artificial putting green that converts into an ice-skating rink.

International Literary Management Inc. will peddle the magazine series: *It's All in the Ankle*. Fashionart International Inc. will have Vidal Sassoon handle makeup. International Insurance Agency Inc. will underwrite the whole thing. International Financial Management Inc. will show you new and exciting ways to write it off. And if you're wondering how you're going to pay for it, why not let Investment Advisors International Inc. sink your money into some oil wells with a superstar like Ilie Nastase as your venture capital partner? After all, how many other backers can hang around the neighborhood racquet club saying, "As I was telling Ilie-baby the other day when our gusher came in. . . ."

Farfetched, perhaps, but variations on that theme are played every day by the Mark H. McCormack Drum & Ballyhoo Corps. For a newcomer the ringing accompaniment of the cash register can be downright symphonic.

Take the case of Laura Baugh. Two

continued

You've earned your stripe



...when you can look forward to being forty.

...for finally admitting to yourself that you take better pictures with your Brownie than with your fancy reflex camera.

...because at a staff meeting you noticed you're wearing unmatched socks, but you put your feet on the desk anyway.

...because you chose your Scotch for value. And the Scotch you chose was the one that started all the others on the road to lightness. Usher's. The original light Scotch. With an original light price tag. Usher's. We earned our stripe in 1853.



*As Recommended to H. H. the Queen
J & G Stewart Ltd*



*Suppliers of Scotch Whisky
Edinburgh*

USHER'S
(EDINBURGH)
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

years ago she was a talented but needy young amateur golfer from Long Beach, Calif. who wrote several local newspapers offering to sell the story of her intention to turn pro. No one was interested—except McCormack, who caught a glimpse of her looks and pronounced her an eminently “salable commodity.” Trouble was she had six months to wait before she turned 18 and could officially join the women’s pro tour. So McCormack packed her off to Japan to play in the World Ladies Open and the rest, as they say, is merchandising history.

As McCormack hoped, the golf-mad, lens-happy Japanese could not focus often enough on the curvy blonde prototype of Western pulchritude. Almost overnight her picture was everywhere; sales of a 1974 calendar bearing her blue-eyed visage had the Japanese standing in lines for up to two hours. There followed Laura Baugh clocks, photo albums, cosmetics, school supplies, “Learn English” cassettes, sporting wear, LP records, golf accessories and a 26-week TV series that all but toppled a competing sumo wrestling show out of the ratings.

Before ever teeing up as a member of the LPGA, Laura Baugh became the highest-paid woman in golf, with earnings of \$100,000 in less than six months. No matter that last year, her first full season on the U.S. pro tour, she failed to win a tournament. Americans joined the Japanese in dogging her trail, and a Laura’s Legion was formed. Moving smartly into the U.S. dimple market with such tie-ins as her Ultra-Brite commercial (Chorus: “How’s your love life?”) She: “Uh, what’s a love life?”), the 19-year-old Baugh earned \$300,000.

And what about Philip Martyn? Never heard of him? Enough jet-set faddists had that a bunch went winging off to Monte Carlo last year for a little backgammon spectacular McCormack tossed together for Martyn, one of the game’s top professionals. With Mark the Shark making all the fast moves, Cartier picked up the tab and Martyn raked in more than \$50,000, pushing his income close to the quarter-million mark for the year.

McCormack obviously knows how to run with a winner. There is no better example of this than *Superstars*, that irresistible TV thing that pits a cross section of athletes, many of them IMG plants, against one another in a Kiwani’s picnic decathlon. The first *Superstars*, which IMG packaged and had to find a

sponsor for before ABC would touch it, was so successful that it begat an expanded *Superstars* which begat *Women's Superstars* which begat *Team Superstars* which begat *Celebrity Superstars* which begat a total of 24½ sweaty hours of programming. Coming up next year: *Hall of Fame Superstars* in which IMG hopes to have such notable grayboards as Sam Snead, Jack Kramer and Otto Graham compete against cardiac arrest.

Kyle Rote Jr., the \$1,400-a-year soccer player who won the 1974 *Superstars*, parlayed the win into \$200,000 through McCormack's promotional efforts.

IMG has staged two British versions of *Superstars* which included such touching moments as Jacklin all but dismembering himself on the parallel bars. This year *European Superstars* will debut with six countries participating, and so will *Down Under* versions in Australia and New Zealand. With the addition of Malaysia, Indonesia and Japan next year there will be *Western Pacific Superstars*. All of this is a mere prelude to

1977 and the inevitable *World Superstars*.

The ability to create a new "sport" and turn it into a global happening affirms what IMG has known all along: soft sell or hard, the medium is indeed the message. With the networks presumably willing to air anything this side of a PTA canasta party if it is brought in with the sponsors already in hand, IMG stands ready to gift wrap a TV sports package to meet any merchandising need, including its own.

In 1970, two years after McCormack had earned Jean-Claude Killy \$2 million on the strength of the three gold medals he won at the Grenoble Winter Olympics, the Gallie-charmer was in danger of losing his selling power because of lack of exposure.

"We had to figure out some way to get Jean-Claude back on the slopes without tarnishing his winner's image," says McCormack. His solution was *The Killy Challenge*, a series of televised races in which the master gave his opponents a head start, then chased them on a par-

allel slalom course. Though it had its sporting moments, *The Killy Challenge* was in effect an eight-week advertisement that Killy was alive, well and still a viable force in the marketplace. "There was no gamble," says McCormack. "Even if Jean-Claude lost, people would say, 'Well, after all, the other guy started ahead of him.' There was no way he could lose." And he didn't, perhaps because all but one of the opponents selected were from the Alpine version of the bum-of-the-week club.

In tennis other marketing goals have inspired IMG to serve up Ford's *World Invitational Tennis Classic*, *Leggs World Series of Women's Tennis*, the *Colgate Mixed Doubles* and the *Bristol-Meyers Mixed Doubles*. (No conflict there, says one IMG salesman, "because the Colgate men are all under 40 and the Bristol-Meyers guys are all senior tennis citizens.") It must make sense to someone. Four years ago, before IMG was completely plugged in, there were only six hours of tennis on national TV. This year

continued

Introducing the greatest idea in distance and durability since two-piece construction and a Surlyn® cover:

Distance and durability at an economical price.



At your favorite Sporting Goods Store

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SPALDING

Quadrant

there will be 122, 101½ of them brought to you through the lucrative efforts of Mac's Pack.

That kind of saturation means IMG sports programs sometimes end up competing against one another on all three networks on the same weekend afternoon. Even so, with additional income reaped from tie-ins ("Munsterwear, the official clothers for The Superstars") and the distribution of reruns in foreign markets, the incentive for IMG to dream up more offbeat productions is irresistible. IMG sideshows this year will include the *NFL Arm-Wrestling Championship*, the *Saturday Night Sports Special* (karate, indoor soccer, etc.) and the \$100,000 *Super Mule* starring Ben Jipcho, Jim Ryun and Kip Keino. The latest brainchild is *Challenge of the Sexes*, which promises all sorts of fun pairings like Nastase, limited to one serve and forbidden to rush the net, vs. Goolagong.

"We're coming into an era when sports will be fun again," says IMG Vice-President Barry Frank. "What I call the Ray Scott School, the school that treats sports as a religion, is, happily, on the way out. Sports are the greatest thing that ever happened to TV, the only honest thing that goes on. And I don't just say that because we've got the field surrounded. As the overall quality of TV continues to deteriorate, sports will become even more effective. There's no such thing as too much sports on TV."

But McCormack feels there can be too much money—when it is out front where everyone can ogle it. He contends that the \$100,000 "winner-take-all" purse publicized for the challenge match the IMG promoted between Laver and Jimmy Connors in Las Vegas earlier this year fell just within the bounds of decency. The \$250,000 prize for last week's encounter between Connors and Newcombe was something else. Rather, it was the work of someone else.

"Connors' manager insisted that he run the thing or else there was no match," McCormack says. "We went along only because John wanted to beat Connors so badly. But \$150,000 or so should have been cut from the prize structure and split between the players some other way, because \$250,000 was just too much. It cheapens all the other tournaments. After the \$400,000 Question, who's interested in a \$600 trip to Newark?"

After all the messy haggling over money that has been going on in sport lately,

how many fans are interested in cheering a player or a team they know will desert their affections tomorrow if the price is right? There seems to be a growing sentiment that professional sports are becoming too openly commercial for their own good.

McCormack recognizes the mood, respects its implications and rejects it. "Maybe it is all just a matter of growing up," he says. "Fans do tend to be children. They try to pretend that the athlete of their fancy is out there doing what he excels at for some greater good or glory than a buck. That naive view is probably the nub of the problem, and the fault lies with the fan, not the athlete who always knew he was playing for the dollars and not much else."

Jacklin, a sweet-natured chap, agrees: "I think Mark McCormack is a genuine person, even though he's ruthless in a way that is necessary for success. It's a cruel world, and although it's a selfish way to look at it, you've got to take what you can get."

If the attitude of athlete-as-money-maker is destined to become more prevalent, then McCormack is very much the sports savior of the '70s. Point of view is critical. Where a fan sees a wide receiver spearing a pass in the end zone or a base runner belly-sliding into the plate, McCormack sees "pawns in the massive, changing, vigorously competitive arenas of advertising and marketing."

Given that thinking, winning on the field of play becomes secondary. What becomes important is sending Jody Schechter to the barber, the tailor and speech school to erase his "bumpkin image" and knowing not to market Dave Eichelberger in Japan because of pronunciation difficulties. And according to McCormack's First Law of Piggyback Plugs, all clients, regardless of where they are or whose advertisement they are appearing in, must sip the "right" soft drink and be attired from spit shine to snap-brim in products they endorse.

"I'm much more concerned with a man's personality than with his game," says McCormack. "It's the same as a golf swing—it's what's inside that counts."

How that indefinable inside projects itself to the impressionable outside is the key, according to IMG Vice-President Jules Rosenthal. "You have to sell a company on the ambience of a person," he says. "You can't sell on winning abil-

ity. Billy Casper, Frank Beard and George Archer all won big, but where is their lasting quality? It doesn't matter whether Palmer was anymore. He's gone from golfer to sports personality to international brand. It's all in knowing how to image your people. For instance, we turned down a cupcake deal for Arnold because it just didn't seem right for the Latrobe strongman to be eating cupcakes. Breakfast cereal, yes. Cupcakes, no. Grooming aids, yes. Deodorants, no.

"We're high medium. No way we would have Laura Baugh involved with canvas shoes that retail for \$9.95. When Johnny Miller, who is not our client, went with Sears he riched himself. Now he will never get in on toiletries that retail for \$14.50. He's forever Old Spice."

Over the years, says McCormack, "there has hardly been a champion who hasn't approached me at one moment or another to represent him." By applying his inside-outside theory, he has turned down Muhammad Ali among others. "That was back when he was Cassius Clay," McCormack says. "It had nothing to do with race. It had to do with image. He was not the kind of guy whom Singer Sewing Machine would want to sign up. Neither was Joe Namath when he first came up."

As a primer in athlete merchandising, McCormack's gallery of rejects and near-misses warrants review.

Wilt Chamberlain: "It's hard to relate to someone who's 7 feet," says McCormack. "I mean, what do you do with him? Maybe put him in a Volkswagen to show legroom. But what after that?"

Bobby Fischer: "He came to me shortly before Reykjavik, and I wanted him to get busy with newspaper columns and so on. I could have earned him \$2 million right off, but he wasn't interested. Fischer is a very shortsighted man in everything but chess."

Mickey Mantle: "His financial affairs, part ownership in bowling alleys and that sort of thing, were a total disaster. Beyond rescue."

Mark Spitz: "He thought our 25% fee was too high. I was in Teheran at the time, and I told our people not to concede. Frankly, I wasn't all that sure what we could do for him. After all, there's nobody for him to swim against."

Willie Mays: "He came around too late in his career."

Ben Crenshaw: "A real tragedy, the biggest waste in the history of golf. He

continued

Meet The Turk.

He does more than survive. He lives. Because he knows.

He smokes for pleasure. He gets it from the blend of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos in Camel Filters. Do you?



Turkish and Domestic Blend

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



Chevrolet announces a new small car.

Monza To



There have always been dressy big Chevrolets. We thought it was time for a dressy small one. The Monza Towne Coupe has bucket front seats, deep and contoured. The standard upholstery is a choice of rich vinyl or luxurious pattern cloth. Even real leather's available. Each door has a handy map pocket. Thick cut-pile carpeting is complete. It's a very nice place to be.



The Towne Coupe's instruments are set in simulated bird's-eye maple. The speedometer reads in both miles per hour and kilometers per hour. You can order from a wide selection of additional instruments and equipment, of course. Air conditioning, AM/FM stereo, adjustable driver's seat back, even a "headlights on" signal that sounds off when you remove the ignition key. Small doesn't have to mean less.



A new 5-speed transmission is yours for the ordering. Equipped with its available 5-speed, 2.3-litre 2-barrel engine and 3-42 axle, the Monza Towne Coupe has been rated by the EPA as follows: 21 miles to the gallon in the city test, 34 miles to the gallon in the highway test.

How's this for economy?

Dressy. Fun to Drive.



ne Coupe



Down underneath, the Towne Coupe is pure Monza. It's a nimble, agile size of car. Special components are plentiful. A torque-arm rear suspension contributes to the smoothness of its ride, for instance. And introducing: The new Delco Freedom Battery. It's sealed and needs no refill. Battery condition indicator is on top. Standard in every Towne Coupe.

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has lots of charisma, but he failed to realize the importance of timing. You either capitalize on someone when they first come up or you have to wait until they make it. In between is no good. By choosing to do nothing, Crenshaw blew the first stage."

Does the responsibility of IMG's influence on the players and the pastimes of the world weigh heavily on the man in charge? McCormack reflected on that question late one night in the Florida room of his Pepper Pike home. Reclining on a sofa and looking like a suburban rajah in his tangerine pajamas and royal-blue robe, he said, "We're by far the most powerful influence on sport in the world. We could turn any individual sport—golf, tennis, skiing—on its ear tomorrow. The position we hold in some of these sports is the ability to reconstruct the whole edifice."

"It would be so easy, for example, to turn golf on its head that it's frightening. And that just may be what needs to be done. The Tournament Players Division is really strangling the growth of golf around the world. It wouldn't take much to change things, just a nucleus of players to go off on their own and start a second tour. We want to do what is best for our clients and the game. What we try to do is hold a balance of sanity between a lot of tugging forces."

Reconstructing sports edifices was not what McCormack had in mind when he was growing up on Chicago's south shore. He wanted to play golf, a game he took up at age six as therapy after suffering a skull fracture in an auto accident. One of his golfing partners was an old man who used to lie prone on the green to line up a putt. "I didn't know who he was then," says McCormack, "but I realize now that if I would have represented him, Carl Sandburg would have become a famous writer."

Sandburg published a whimsical poem about his golfmate called *Young Mark E. Speers* and later sent McCormack a copy of his children's book *Wasthago Stories*, noting in it that Mark reminded him of one of his characters, Bambo the Snip. Bambo was a lad who thumbed his nose at people.

McCormack was good enough to win the Chicago prep title and to play at William & Mary. During a match with Wake Forest he remembers admiring the Deacons' ace, Palmer. "I'd never seen long irons hit like that," he says. The encour-

ter was not on the order of Mr. Rolls meeting Mr. Royce. That came later.

After Yale Law School and a stint teaching military justice in the Army, McCormack in 1957 joined Arter & Hadden, a staid Cleveland firm, as a legal eagle with Horatio Alger overtones. At least, that is how he is depicted at the Harvard Business School, where he was success story NE 127 in a course called "Starting New Ventures." Though hardly a child of the streets—his father was a moderately well-to-do publisher of a farm journal—McCormack played the Alger role. He lived in a \$130-a-month apartment with his wife Nancy, whom he met on a golfing blind date, drove an old Ford he called "Whitey," took the \$28 bus to work and earned \$5,400.

"I didn't really find law all that thrilling," says McCormack. "There were all these 80-year-old guys shuffling around the halls, and when someone died everyone moved offices. It was like my whole life was programmed. All I was really interested in was golf."

Striving to combine the links with law, he and a partner formed a weekend company hooking exhibitions for pro golfers. "Pretty soon players were coming around asking me to look at their endorsements," McCormack says. "Hey, Mark, you're a lawyer"—that kind of thing. When I read the contracts I was appalled by their one-sidedness. When it came time for renewals I insisted on better terms. Any lawyer could have done it, but these people didn't have lawyers, so I became their hero."

Among the impressed was Palmer. In early 1960 he asked McCormack to represent him exclusively. McCormack agreed and they sealed the deal with what came to be known in merchandising circles as "The Golden Handshake." Shortly thereafter Player, then a relatively unknown South African itinerant, came knocking. "He was a friend, so I figured what the hell, let him in," says Palmer. In late 1961 room also was made for Jack Nicklaus, just 21 and new to the PGA. "The Big Three," sighs McCormack, still lost in the wonder of it all. "Overnight they began winning everything in sight and golf started to take off."

With Arter & Hadden's reluctant consent, McCormack followed in hot pursuit. He became the weirdo at the end of the hall, the guy with the office that looked like a pro shop at inventory time. He was running a closet cartel with all

manner of merchants puffing up the back stairs seeking endorsements for their wares.

With his short blond haircut, his white bucks and Ivy League droop suit, McCormack came on like an ad for Junior Achievement, until it came to the fine print. "I used to sit in on some of the negotiations, and I was shocked," recalls Palmer. "You got the feeling there was a hell of a fight brewing. More than once I had to leave the room before I took a poke at somebody."

There was a lot to spar about. One contract that was signed before McCormack took over obliged Player to "win" so many tournaments a year, McCormack changed it to "attempt to win." Palmer was forbidden to endorse any product without also plugging Wilson Sporting Goods. McCormack changed that restriction and amended Wilson's worldwide rights to Palmer golf equipment to apply only to those areas where the company had outlets, thereby opening up new markets abroad for his client.

Once he had backed through all the prior entanglements McCormack began molding contracts that became models for future player transactions. Not only did he demand—and get—record cuts of the action, he also insisted that his clients be awarded bonuses of up to \$20,000 for each victory, that their endorsements command a certain minimum percentage of a company's royalties and advertising budget, that their names be associated only with the firm's top lines and that they have right of approval over all their ads. "Athletes were being ripped off for so long that I felt like Robin Hood," says McCormack.

There were no merry men on the other side of the negotiating table. "I was thoroughly resented by every company used to dealing with players without me," says McCormack. "And I considered it my best personal ad. If they welcomed my entering the picture, I was suspicious. Our feeling was that any time you sell an endorsement, you know the man on the other side doing the buying will probably benefit from it more than you in the long run. So we figured, why shouldn't we be on the other side?"

They soon were. By 1966, as anyone who ever partook of a hostile of Palmer catnip, gunned a Nicklaus lawnmower or sweated over a Player plow, is well aware, the Big Three became the biggest mon-

continued

eymakers this side of Kuwait, Palmer was president of more than a dozen companies grossing \$25 million, and young Jack was the mogul of such grand-sounding enterprises as the Jack Nicklaus Western Hemisphere Trading Co. With seven different golf equipment contracts for as many areas of the world, Player was kept busy switching clubs and muttering things like, "If this is Spalding, it must be New Zealand."

All of which left McCormack with a dilemma: "Do I retire a millionaire at 35 or do I go for my own kind of grand slam?"

Grand slam it was, and as usual the stakes were high. If three could shake the money tree, McCormack reasoned, imagine what 30 or 300 could do. He leased more office space across the hall from Arter & Hadden, raided the Harvard Business School for assistants and hopped the nearest jet to offer his "service umbrella" to an unprotected world.

One of his first stops was England. "It was like an elephant jumping into a pool," says one British golf writer. "The waves still haven't subsided." At first splash McCormack recruited several of Britain's best young golfers and began drilling into "an untapped market."

Suddenly there was McCormack outraging pro shop operators by convincing Esso to sell Palmer golf balls in its gasoline stations. He began publishing a weekly called *Golf International*, and unabashedly used its pages to promote his players. He created the Piccadilly World Match Play Championship at Wentworth. He signed on as the BBC's commentator for the British Open and other tournaments.

There was no dodging the ubiquitous Yank. In 1969 McCormack sold the serial rights to *How I Won the British Open* before Jacklin, the leader, had seed off for the final round. After his client won, he stepped out of the crowd at the awards ceremony and turned the label on a bottle of Bollinger champagne away from the cameras, saying that he would talk about an "arrangement" later.

Jacklin got his split of champagne money and McCormack a position of power. Too much power, some felt. When the \$129,000 Alcan Golfer of the Year tournament debuted in Britain, McCormack undermined the tournament by saving the Big Three for his own Piccadilly production the following week. "The Alcan was ill-conceived," he says,

"I spoke against it, wrote against it and now it is no more."

Great Britain vs. Japan, a team match promoted by McCormack, is all too successful for some members of the British PGA. It is bloody vexing enough, they say, to have an upstart colonist operating in their midst, but when he goes so far as to wheel his deals under the Union Jack without even consulting the association, well, harrumph. "I see no reason to discuss these matters with the British PGA," says McCormack. Nor does he cotton to the criticism that he pads the British team with his own clients at the expense of more qualified players. "We created the event. Why shouldn't we put our own men in it?" he says. "Without us, there wouldn't even be a tournament."

The official position of the British PGA suggests that the bad that McCormack may have wrought has been far outweighed by the good. "He has built an empire," says PGA Secretary Ken Schofield. "He has brought a great deal of money to the game and he has undoubtedly been very good for European golf."

Back home mutterings within the ranks of the U.S. Ski Association have it that McCormack is the Abominable Snow Job Man. Hired in 1967 to raise endorsement money for the perennially bereft national ski team, he colared such sponsors as Pontiac and brought in more than \$1 million. Nevertheless, his 10-year contract was terminated in 1973 because, says one ski official, "his cut, based on escalating revenues and sometimes going as high as one-third, was out of relation to the good he did."

The settlement guarantees that McCormack will collect 12 1/2% of all revenues he generated through 1977, a drain on a needy cause that many ski officials feel is downright un-American. "McCormack's heart may not be totally black," says one, "but it sure as heck isn't red, white and blue, either."

"I'm trying to run a business," says McCormack. "I don't mind being philanthropic, but I'd like to do it on my own terms. What the U.S. Ski Association has to ask itself is where would its bottom line have been without us? They just got grabby."

McCormack suffers criticism with the weary detachment of a man who has

heard it all before. The syntax may vary, he says, but the theme is so familiar that he has a name for it: The What-Have-You-Done-For-Me-Lately syndrome.

He had been doing a lot. When he recruited British golfer Mackey Walker he formed the Brazilian Women's Open for her to star in. To celebrate Janet Lynn's \$500,000 signing with the Ice Capades, he sent her to Tokyo so she could win her very own World Professional Ice Skating Championship. What with doubling Chet Walker's basketball salary and moving Stewart to Geneva and Borg to Menie Carlo for tax reasons, he had been a very busy man.

That was the problem. Somewhere between selling Arnold Palmer Enterprises to NBC for more than \$20 million and putting pro track on TV, between creating the Lancôme Trophy golf tournament near Paris and having his hair styled with a blond rinse by Sassoon, between putting out his annual 600-page volume *The World of Professional Golf* and buying land in Rhodesia, Mark the man-machine slapped a gear. He was everywhere and nowhere, spread so thin that his blanket coverage of the golf scene became a shade transparent. Competitors moved in. Young luminaries like Johnny Miller signed elsewhere. Looking back, McCormack says, "I was more complacent than I should have been because I just couldn't imagine anyone going anywhere else. I still can't. It's just mind-boggling to think about."

The biggest boggle of all came in 1970, when Nicklaus asked McCormack what he had been doing for old Jack lately. According to Putnam Pierrman, a Columbus, Ohio businessman who is currently representing Nicklaus, "Jack's disenchantment with McCormack had been building for some time." In the course of investigating a land development venture with Nicklaus, Pierrman had three of his associates review McCormack's handling of Jack's finances. "The conclusion was that Jack's net worth was less than it could have been and he agreed that we should dissolve his association with McCormack," says Pierrman.

"Jack left me for two reasons, one of which he wouldn't admit to," says McCormack. "First, when I decided to diversify I could no longer give him the kind of personal attention he expected. He wanted me, and I didn't have the time. Second, he was jealous of Arnold. He resented Palmer's success with people com-

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pared with his own, and he blamed me for it. We talked about it. I told him to smile more, be more outgoing. But he didn't want up to my suggestions. It's hard to teach humility.

"Jack spent a lot. He was the kind of guy who'd call you up and say, 'I bought a \$40,000 boat today, go figure out a way to pay for it.' We told him for three years to get rid of his jet because it was costing him \$200,000 annually to operate it. But he'd always say, 'Well, Arnold has a jet. Why can't I?' When we tried to show him where all his money was going, he'd say, 'Well, it's your job to stop me from doing that.' He was right in a way. I should have been stricter with him, but again it was the time factor. If I'd stayed small, I'd probably still have Jack. As it was, I guess if I were him I would have left me, too."

M McCormack had to suffer through another crisis last summer. While teamed with Player in the InterMaritime Pro-Am, a tournament he created in Geneva, he suffered a severe headache that caused him to drop out and to fly to London, where he checked into a hospital. The diagnosis was a subdural lateral hematoma, a blood clot on the brain lining. Five nickel-size holes were drilled in his skull to relieve the pressure. McCormack traced the malady to a fall he had taken two months before while toasting around a golf ball with Player outside a bulling in Spain. All his friends saw it as a five-alarm warning that his life-style finally was catching up with him.

Greg Peters, an American industrialist based in Spain and McCormack's partner in Topspin ("consultants in the planning, building and management of leisure-oriented developments"), arrived at the hospital with gifts and stern advice. "You're a lucky man, Mark," he said. "You've been given a new life—now why don't you reorganize it? You've arrived, Mark. The race is over."

Not quite. After five weeks of recuperation McCormack was up and about, then here and there and, soon, everywhere again. Today Peters regretfully says, "He's like a wheel rolling down a hill. He can't stop."

Some acquaintances say he cannot come to a halt because he has an Accutron for a heart. Others suggest that he is the corporate version of TV's *\$ix Million Dollar Man*, data banks courtesy of IBM and circuitry by ITT. And still

others swear that it all has something to do with that middle initial H. It stands for Hume, as in David Hume, the 18th century Scottish philosopher who is one of McCormack's forebears and the author of the precept, "Avarice, the spur of industry."

"Nonsense," says McCormack. "I do what I do the way I do it because I enjoy it. By gosh, it's fun."

By golly, it is not always a laugh-a-minute working for McCormack. Summoned for conferences at all hours, staffers can recite his 7:30 a.m. breakfast menu (grapefruit juice, burnt English muffin) as readily as they can find his house in the dark, in self-defense most IMG executives live near the man they call The Man, the quicker to get to bed after his infamous, late-hour "Pepper Pike Penicillins." But IMG Vice-President Ed Keating sees a mellowing in McCormack. "I don't feel like I have to stand at attention anymore when I knock on his door," Keating says. Now, presumably, parade rest will do. Another IMG man sums up the McCormack method as, "Divide, conquer and intimidate."

"It's what happens to everybody who goes from lawyer to international millionaire," says Judy Chelente, McCormack's personal secretary since his 32B heydays. "You can't expect human compassion. He's too busy. My No. 1 pet peeve is that he delights in catching you in a mistake. My No. 2 pet peeve is that he's usually right. Still, as much of an SOB as he can be, he has a little-boy quality about him that can charm the socks off you."

McCormack's saving grace, his people say gamely, is that he asks no more of them than he does of himself—blood, sweat and grab another out on the galley. "If you're not working 24 hours a day, seven days a week," says IMG Vice-President H. Kent (Bud) Stanner, "Mark figures you're taking too much time for lunch."

"Mark thinks in numbers," says IMG's Barry Frank. "He can't tell you what the 10 events are in *Sagres*, but he knows to the decimal point how much DeWitt Weaver made on the tour in 1969." Next to the bottom line, McCormack's favorite numbers begin with area codes. He has three lines and 11 phones in his home for a ring-a-ding monthly bill of \$1,000 or more, in his Cleveland office, which is bigger than a squash court, he has six lines, seven phones and a battery

of hold buttons that light up like a keno board when he is calling the game.

Late and early mean newspaper editions to McCormack. Up at five a.m., he refers to that brain-numbing hour simply as "the time to call Europe." Evening never comes in his life; it only gets to be "along about that time when I should be talking to Australia and Japan." As Ma Bell's favorite son, McCormack is not fussy about ambience. He calls from anywhere, drawing more than a casual glance from his companions in the men's rooms of restaurants when he says, "In Liechtenstein the number is . . ."

McCormack is not only never out of touch, he is rarely out of sight. He demands copies of every scrap of correspondence that passes through his network of offices. After all the pieces have been summarized into "one-liners," he pulls out those of interest to read in their entirety and labels them "future," "soon," "very soon" and "now."

Now is the time that many IMG executives believe that Mark should back out of the spotlight a little. "Mark's so out front," says one associate, "so on top of everything, so omnipresent that most people don't know what a great organization he has. Only we know how good we are."

For all his ubiquitous ways, McCormack estimates that he has never met 40% of his clients. Nothing personal, mind you. And he says, "I don't give guided tours of the office because, frankly, I don't know many of the names."

Though McCormack makes all the command decisions, he does delegate authority to the point that he has been only distantly involved in some of the merchandising coups that have been attributed to him. And he rankles at the suggestion that proper credit is not given. "People who say that," he says icily, no doubt making a mental note to hold a humidity inspection first thing Monday morning, "are those who tend to say 'I' instead of 'we.'"

Contrary to rumor, McCormack does not have the world in his hip pocket. He has it in his upper right jacket pocket. That is where he keeps a thick deck of three-by-five cards that he shuffles like a blackjack dealer, scribbling down and categorizing his every random thought. Some are turned into the 50 or more letters and memos that he dashes off each day. Many more become phone calls that

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begin. "Any bulletins? Here's one for you." The rest are transcribed onto his trusty yellow legal pad.

Much of the scribbling is done at about Mach 1. Like a gray-funnel astronaut, McCormack last year jetted enough miles to circle the earth more than 10 times. The stop-offs for just last month were Cleveland, Los Angeles, Mexico City, New York, Augusta, Ga., Palm Springs, Calif., Honolulu, Singapore, Bali, London, Pittsburgh, Orlando, Fla. and Pebble Beach, Calif.

Last he somehow forget where he is going and why, McCormack carries a note as a reminder: "Mark, give me money and time. Arnie." He always strives to steal a few seconds here to save a few pennies there. "Mark is the only man I've ever met who's leaving before he's arrived," says ski promoter Bob Beattie. McCormack clocks elevators on his way up so he can expedite his exit on the way down. He travels with carry-on luggage so he can avoid baggage lines. He takes the *Queen Elizabeth 2* to New York once

a year, partly so he can dictate to his secretary without interruption and partly because "I just love turning my watch back one hour each day." And he rations his attention span so frugally that he has led friends to suspect a rare infirmity. "Let's face it," says Dave Marr, "Mark's hard of listening."

When McCormack does lend an ear he has a tendency "to finish your sentences for you," says Palmer. "He does it because he thinks it saves time." "It's my job to be abrupt," says McCormack. "I don't believe in talking around subjects. It's so easy to turn a two-minute conversation into a 10-minute ordeal. I like to cut through all the bull so I'll have time to do some small talk in my own forum."

To locate that forum McCormack has another universe tucked away in his upper-left jacket pocket. It is a black leather notebook in which he keeps encyclopedic records of things such as where to get a cheeseburger at three a.m. in Hong Kong or sukiyaki at high noon in Oslo.

If you are a social friend, McCormack will drag you there. If you are an employee, no chance. "You can't drink with a guy one night, and then be his employer and refuse him a raise the next day," he says.

That is a pity. One reason McCormack's staff sometimes sassily refers to him as the Jolly Blond Giant is because they have never seen him in his ho, ho, ho moods. McCormack is in fact a hoot to the world, charming and witty in what he calls his "other life." As usual, each gourmet forkful, every calypso dancer and all midnight songfests are carefully plotted out in advance. Regardless of what city he is in McCormack will assemble the company of revelers and direct everything, telling the general to sit here, the contessa next to the rugby player and the centimillionaire, oh, over there behind the potted palm.

"Mark leads you into an exciting life," says Robert Anderson, president of Rockwell International. "He moves in amazing circles—artists, models, cricket

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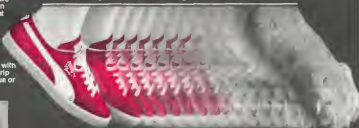
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players, songwriters. And it's always got
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If he didn't organize his social life, he
might find himself sitting around for two
minutes and that would kill him."

Player is among those who fear that
something like that actually may happen.
"Mark is the most dynamic individual
I've ever met," he says. "He's broken the
barrier of hard work, but I think he's
gone so far that he's damaging his
health."

That is another lament that McCor-
mack has heard so often that he im-
mediately goes to his little black book to
prove otherwise. "In 1973 my left foot
hit the floor 147,001 times," he says. "In
1974 it hit it 220,614 times." Progress
noted. And not only is his golf game hold-
ing steady at a 74.96-stroke average, but
he reports, "Two years ago I slept 2,506½
hours. Last year it was 2,656½ hours. I
like to sleep, but lately I've been reading
that you don't need that much."

Another statistic McCormack is try-
ing to improve is the number of days he
spends with his children—Breck, 17,
Todd, 14, and Leslie, 9. Though he has
increased it from fewer than 100 days
10 years ago to 148 last year, it is still a
sore point in his Pepper Pike home. Nan-
cy McCormack admits that Mark's ab-
sence has caused certain "strains," but
he has promised reform. When the mood
is right he even goes so far as to talk about
"slowing down."

On a recent evening in his Manhattan
apartment McCormack reflected on the
future while his favorite John Denver al-
bum played softly in the background.

"I think about phasing out, trying to
make more time to relax and enjoy my-
self," he said, as Denver sang, *Follow me
where I go*. . . . "Arnold and I have
talked about buying our own country. He
would be king and I would be secretary of
defense." *Places that I'm going to*. . . .

"But I enjoy what I do. I can't wait to
get up in the morning and get to work."
Places where I've been. . . . "To be pre-
tily places with pretty people, to be center
court at Wimbledon, to tee up with the
best golfers in the world, to stand on the
deck of a yacht at the Monte Carlo Grand
Prix, sipping champagne and watching
all the little racing cars go by, that's my
life." *My bags are packed, I'm ready to
go*. . . . "Slow down? Why? I thrive on
the recurring challenge and the hectic
pace. Speed is my way of relaxing." *I'm
leavin' on a jet plane*. . . .

END

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☐ Mike Phipps 4N15
☐ Jim Plunkett 1A16
☐ Mike Reid 3A74
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☐ O. J. Simpson 2A36
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☐ Ken Stabler 9A12
☐ Roger Staubach 5N12
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As I See It

by ERNEST HAVEMANN

DON'T BE TAKEN IN BY TOUTS, YOU PICK THE HORSES AND IGNORE THE ODDS

Like all horseplayers, I pick up my copy of the *Daily Racing Form* every morning. Before turning to the past performances that are the tools of the horseplayer's trade, I look at the ads, and if I did not know better, I would drool.

For a mere \$40 a fellow named Frederick S. Davis promises to confide in me how he has "achieved the first truly scientific study of performance patterns." Beautiful! For an unspecified fee I can learn how to pick long shots from an institution that sounds as if it is sponsored by Harvard, an organization awesomely known as the National Academy of Thoroughbred Handicapping.

For \$30—what a bargain!—a man named Tom Ainslie will tell me how to determine if a horse is spotted at the right distance, whether his jockey suits him and whether he can run in the mud. Indeed he will give me his "private method," guaranteed to help me "handicap more successfully." I happen to know this man and his real name isn't Tom Ainslie, but never mind. If I were in his business, I wouldn't use my real name either.

To all these great teachers of handicapping, offering me these sure routes to picking winners and becoming rich beyond my wildest dreams, I can only say thank you, but I think I will keep the \$30 or the \$40 or the unspecified fee and let you make your money at the races—since you're so good at it—rather than off me.

Gentlemen of the *Racing Form* ads, I have been going to the races for almost half a century, very likely longer than any of you. I almost certainly have been to more racetracks (about 60) and seen more races (about 20,000) than any of you. I happen to have a lifetime profit on the horses, something I doubt that any of you can truly claim. But if anybody offered me \$30 or \$40 or an unspecified fee to show him how to make money betting the horses, I would say:

Forget it. Anybody who tries to get

rich handicapping is crazy. It can't be done. There are no systems. Playing the horses is an entertainment, like going to the movies, and you have to pay the admission fees. What's great about betting on horses is not that you can make money at it but that it's more fun and cheaper in the long run than many pleasures. Like owning a boat. Or traveling in Europe.

One reason you can't find a surefire system for handicapping was demonstrated by a horse I once owned named Dr. Dubious. As a 2-year-old, this was one of the worst horses in racing history. In sprints, he showed no speed. In distance races, he showed no closing kick. What can you do with a horse that starts slow and quits in the stretch?

I gave up on him. I was making arrangements to give him away to a friend who had just bought a farm and wanted a slow-going saddle horse. Then, the day he turned three, Dr. Dubious ran against a pretty good field down in Florida, stayed close to a fast pace, finished gamely, won and paid \$164.40. My chagrin at not having a nickel on him was mitigated by the knowledge that he had proved himself a good horse that would win the same kind of race again.

He never did. In subsequent years he won some races for a \$2,000 claiming price around New England, but he never again ran as well as he did on that one unexpected and amazing day. Why?

Who knows? Horses are like that. They will lose by a city block in race after race, then suddenly will run 20 lengths faster than they ever ran before, after which they may just as suddenly lapse into their losing ways.

I figured out once that I would be approximately \$250,000 richer today had it not been for one thing. There have been many races where my handicapping was just about as perfect as handicapping can get. I had the right horse. He ran his race. He beat my second choice in the race by two lengths and my third choice by three lengths. The only trouble was that some nutty outsider chose that particular day

to run the race of his life and beat my horse at the wire. Take out the outsiders that never ran that well before, or after, and I would have collected a fortune over the years.

In a lifetime as a horseplayer, you naturally hear a lot about fabulous handicappers who have made a regal living betting on horses. Long ago, when there were more bookmakers and they were willing to take bets at any track in the nation, there was said to be a man who made his hundle on muddy tracks. He



had a sample of dirt from every track and he would shake up the dirt with an amount of water equal to the overnight rainfall to determine the consistency of the track. A guaranteed method? Maybe. I can see where this fellow might have known something about the track surface that day, but I have to wonder how he knew what the horses would think of it.

Then there were the "Speed Boys," who operated around New York. They had an idea that makes sense. In fact I was using it before I ever heard of them. The theory goes like this: a lot of races are won by horses who lead all the way.

continued

Therefore it often pays to pick the horse that will have the lead from the start. If there are two speed horses in the race, pick the one on the inside, because he will benefit on the turn. If there are three or more speed horses in the race, figure that they'll kill one another off and bet a come-from-behind horse.

A good theory, as I said. But you never hear of the "Speed Boys" today. I don't know what ever became of them. All I know is that one season a friend of mine went to the races with them two days a week, bet the same way they did and got quite far behind in his alimony. It's not always easy to figure which horse will be in front from the start.

Lots of others have been written up over the years as great handicappers. I used to make a hobby of learning something about them. What I found out was that most of them were touts, not handicappers. They didn't win. They couldn't win. What they did do was get enough publicity to convince people they were winners, so that somebody was always willing to provide them with a bankroll.

That is what is known at the track as playing with OP—Other People's money. If you can establish a reputation as a winner, you can always find rich and greedy people to give you betting money. Win or lose you take your cut.

Is there any chance at all of coming out ahead if you bet the horses over a period of time?

I think about this question a lot. Partly for selfish reasons. Partly because I have written a number of magazine stories on horse racing, and almost invariably have received a batch of letters asking for betting advice.

The answer is no. No way you can come out ahead, unless you are terribly lucky, as I have been on a few big occasions that put me in the black. The "take" from the mutual pool, about 17% at most tracks, has to kill you. If you pick the horses as well as the average person, you're going to lose 17% out of every dollar you bet; \$1.70 out of every \$100; \$17 out of every \$100. Over a season, that mounts up.

If you're going to try to pick winners, which can be a great game in spite of the odds against success, how do you do it? I'm no Frederick S. Davis or National Academy of Thoroughbred Handicapping or Tom Ainslie, and I don't pretend to have a system. But I do know a few things not to do.

1. Don't play hunches. Or post positions. If you do, the odds say you will hit one winner every 12 races in the traditional 12-horse fields. To keep you even, your winners would have to pay an average of \$24, and the average winner at U.S. tracks pays less than \$10. The same goes for jockeys. Even if there is a hot jockey at the meet who is winning more than his mathematical share of the races, the odds on his horses will discount that fact.

2. Don't go along with any of the handicappers in the newspapers or in the *Racing Form*. Most of these people are pretty good at picking winners and some of them are very good, but the odds again reflect this fact. Their selections all lose money over the long run. If you want to bet the favorites, go ahead. Favorites win about one race out of every three, so you'll get a lot of action. But be forewarned. The average winning favorite doesn't pay anything like \$6, so you'll have to be prepared to lose.

3. Don't go near the place or show windows. No matter how you pick your horses, you will do better in the long run betting them to win only. (It's a fact that can't easily be explained. Just take my word for it.) The only time I ever make a place or show bet is when the horse I like is at least 10 to 1.

4. Above all, don't let anybody persuade you to try any kind of progression system. These systems are variations on the old idea of doubling your bet after every loss until you finally hit a winner. They have all been tried and they have all failed. It's easy to pick 25 or 30 losers in a row—I've done it many times—and a streak like that will bankrupt any system. Even the favorites sometimes lose as many as 25 straight races.

To stay alive at the races over the years—note that I said stay alive, not win—you have to learn to read the past performances and make your own selections. This isn't easy. But even if you never develop into a top handicapper, you will probably do better this way than any other.

There are a few guidelines that help. Like post position. In sprint races the inside post positions are a handicap because the jockey has to use up the horse by gunning him out of the gate or risk being pinned along the rail behind the field. In races around two turns the outside post positions are a handicap because the horse is likely to lose

too much ground on the first turn.

Weight makes a difference, especially in sprint races where a couple of extra pounds may keep the horse from getting into full stride out of the gate. And all horses have a breaking point. A horse may be able to win under 118 pounds but lose his action under 120.

A horse's last race, which has the most influence of all on many amateur handicappers, isn't really that important. Especially a bad race. For one thing, the horse may have been in trouble. I made my biggest score last year, a \$1,283 daily double, by wheeling a horse I own named Half Truth, which won at Belmont just after being beaten badly at Saratoga. What most people hadn't noticed about the Saratoga race was that Half Truth was knocked back three different times. He had run great that day—considering.

A horse may also put in a bad looking race because he tries to keep up with a field of better horses, finds he can't and quits. A horse might give up and get beaten 15 lengths in a sprint run in 1:11, which would make his own time 1:14, and then come right back and win easily in 1:11½.

On the other hand, a good last race may be what I call a Dr. Dubious, a freak effort never to be repeated. I do pay attention to a good last race by a young and lightly raced horse that may just be getting good, or by an old class horse that may be coming back to form. Mostly I discount the last race and look for consistency.

All the other factors in handicapping are so complicated that you have to work out your own methods of dealing with them. You have to consider time, and you have to consider class. Ideally, you should try to figure out how the race will be run from start to finish. Which of the front runners will take the lead. How far back the horses with a closing lick will be. How fast the pace will be. The works. It isn't easy, but any method you use will hit at least some winners.

When it comes to betting, I'm convinced that the commonest mistake of all is to be scared off by the odds. I've seen lots of people at the track make a selection, look up and see the horse is 20 to 1, and go back to the drawing board. Or they'll stick to their selection, but cut way down on the amount they bet.

Me, I love long shots. Once on a family vacation in Atlantic City I drove to the track just to make a bet on one horse

that to me stood out in the *Roccaro Farm* as the surest bet of all time. I expected him to be 8 to 5 when I got there but, lo and behold, he was 30 to 1. Instead of cutting down the amount I planned to bet, I doubled it. It turned out to be one of the top scores of my life.

My rule of thumb is to ignore the odds and bet the same amount on every horse I like, except that I have three categories of selections. If I like a horse just average, I bet X dollars. If I think his chances are outstanding, I double the bet to 2X. If I think he's super-outstanding, I'll bet 4X. I do consider the odds in one respect. If everybody likes the horse and he's going off at less than 1 to 2, I usually pass up the race. In a game so full of ifs, why put up \$2 to win \$0c or less?

I like the daily double and I think the way to play it is to crisscross. Pick two or three horses with a good chance in the first race and two or three in the second, then play all the combinations, which can number four, six or nine. The only trouble with the double is that one or both of the races sometimes have fields of untried 2-year-olds. No way of handicapping races like that.

I try to like the exacta, another bet to warm the heart of a man who likes a good price. But I've never figured out how to play it, and I don't bet it often. I think most good handicappers will tell you that it's harder to pick a horse that will run second than to pick a winner.

The triple is a lot of fun, but you have to be prepared to invest quite a bit of money before you get any return. I hit it five times last year and probably wound up with a profit, but there was a costly dry spell before the first hit.

In the triple I like to have a key horse that I think has a real good chance of winning. Then I pick three others that might finish behind him and bet all the possible combinations: ABC, ABD, ACB, ACD, ADB and ADC. Six tickets in all. Great when it works. The trouble is that my A horse doesn't always win, and even when he does, some stranger often sneaks in second or third.

In fact I've watched a lot of triple races in which none of my horses—not the A, not the B, not the C or D—was to be found anywhere among the first three finishers. This never surprises or discourages me. I'll bet it's also happened to Davis and Amalie and the faculty of the National Academy, if they're not too busy teaching to go to the races. **END**

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more than a lawn.



Edited by GAY FLOOD

OUT IN LEFT FIELD

Sir:

In his article *Where There's Smoke There's Fire* (April 28) Ron Furrer has more than adequately described the aura of excitement surrounding any meeting between the Cincinnati Reds and the Los Angeles Dodgers. He also mentioned the incident that could destroy this excitement. The fans in L.A. may accomplish what no National League pitcher has—remove Pete Rose as a factor in the game. In an interview in our local papers, Rose stated that he does not believe he can play when the team returns to Dodger Stadium. The bottle-, garbage- and smoke-bomb-throwing fans have forced him to play out of position, threatened his well-being and more than once delayed the game while groundkeepers cleaned up the field around him. Rose believes these interruptions are hurting his team and asked Manager Sparky Anderson not to play him in the next Dodger-Reds series in L.A.

How can the sports world allow this to happen? Are home fans to decide which players should play for the opposing team? Should the fans in Boston drive Elvin Hayes from the court? The beer-loving fans in Cleveland were dealt with severely when they got out of hand. These fans should be dealt with similarly. The Dodger management should station guards in the left-field pavilion and anyone caught throwing anything should immediately be ejected.

JOHN W. OETTER

Waverly, Ohio

Sir:

I challenge any baseball fan to give me one good, logical reason justifying the abuse that has been directed at Pete Rose. I attended two of the games the Reds played at L.A. and witnessed the stupidity of some so-called Dodger fans. I dare say the Dodgers wouldn't claim any one of them. It takes a lot of "courage" for a person who can lose himself in a crowd to throw a baseball at a player when his back is turned.

DAN HOLLENBERG

Montebello, Calif.

Sir:

Bengalongs: me! left-field regular in Dodger Stadium, I must admit that the crowds that frequent the pavilion are always boisterous and often scuffle among themselves. But 99.9% of these people are objective and appreciative fans. The handful of undisciplined, extroverted idiots who seem to appear only when Cincinnati is in town are not

baseball fans. They should be dealt with as criminals or psychotics.

K. E. MORRIS

Los Angeles

PIERRE & CO.

Sir:

Thank you for the article recognizing our beloved Penguins (*Who Said Penguins Can't Fly?* April 28). The part about "babyfaced" Pierre Larouche was most enjoyable.

One correction is in order, however, concerning the "Date with Pierre" contest. As the mother of one of the contestants, 4-year-old Debbie Beer (who, incidentally, has since turned 5), I can vouch that if her measure-



ments were 24-28-26, as given, she would have somewhat of an egg shape. For the record, let it be known that she is a perfect 22-22-22, as this photo should prove.

MRS. ROBERT C. BEER

Pittsburgh

Sir:

"Who said Penguins can't fly?" The New York Islanders did, and they proved it.

DAVID M. PELL

Laurelton, N.Y.

HUMAN RESOURCE

Sir:

Rick Telerand's article *The Blotting Out of Time* (April 28) is one of the best I have ever read. As a third-year law student, I work for the Richland County (S.C.) Public Defender's office and am in almost daily contact with men like Floyd (Jumbo) Cummings. The athletic and mental potential in U.S. prisons is enormous, but, with a few exceptions, it is untapped. Telerand's article and Neil Leifer's photographs expose this and will, I hope, open the eyes of prison officials and lead to long overdue changes that will improve life in U.S. prisons.

GEORGE BRANOT III

Columbia, S.C.

Sir:

I found your story on prison weight lifting and boxing more than just a sports story. It was a story of men, of the "dregs" of society. The photos by Neil Leifer complement the text perfectly, and they show that a man's will once broken can be mended but never healed completely.

I for one am hoping that Jumbo Cummings will be allowed to compete in the 1976 Olympics and will cheer him on if he is.

TODD STOCKLAGER

Grantsville, Md.

Sir:

It sounds to me as though the prison is more of a country club than a correctional institution. Men are put into prison because they did something that society feels is not correct. Some of the men were convicted of violent crimes. My question is, should a man who has been convicted of a violent crime be allowed to compete in violent sports and thus bring out his violent tendencies?

DON SMITH

Portland, Ore.

Sir:

I think it is a credit to the Illinois prison system that Jumbo and his friends have something to look forward to, to excel in.

SALLY ANN SHUMBLER

Laramie, Wyo.

JACK SCOTT

Sir:

An article on Jack Scott (*The Man Who Stood Sport on His Head*, April 28)? What a waste of your time writing it and my time reading it.

PAT PONATH

Waukesha, Wis.

Sir:

My compliments to Si and Ray Kennedy for the excellent article on sports revolutionist Jack Scott. It was the first open-minded story on the Hearn-Scott-Walton saga that I've read since Scott came out of hiding. Although I don't necessarily advocate Scott's ideas, it was only fair that someone reveal his side of the story.

KEVIN FALLS

Stockton, Calif.

Sir:

With proper leadership, no aspect of our society has more positive effects upon its participants than sports.

Jack Scott has helped make the public

continued

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Words by
CAROLYN LEIGH
Slowly

YOUNG AT HEART

Mus. by
JOHNNY R

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Young at Heart'. The score is written on multiple staves, with lyrics underneath. A man is shown singing into a microphone, positioned in front of the score. The lyrics include: 'Fast 3 takes, I can come back, it can tap you to you if it's hard, you will find, no be row of mind, I've been young at heart, You can'. At the bottom of the score, there is a copyright notice: 'Copyright © 1984 by Cherry Pops, Inc., 344 W. 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10018. Made in U.S.A. All Rights Reserved'.

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10TH HOLE continued

aware of the prejudices, stereotypes and inequalities that can be found in sports. But not all sports programs are bad, and I feel Scott has always taken isolated cases and attempted to make them appear to be the practice rather than the exception. Also, finding fault is very easy; developing solutions to the problems is the hard part, and judging by his experience at Oberlin College, it seems obvious Scott does not have that talent.

Maybe Scott is being made an example because of his radical views, but can the University of Washington, Oberlin College, the FBI and brother Walter all be wrong?

DAVID L. DEANLEY

Lawrence, Kans.

Sir:

Angela Davis and George Jackson the equal of Henry David Thoreau? Jack Scott must be kidding. Provocative, radical thinking is one thing. Pure, unadulterated exaggeration is entirely another matter.

DENNIS PRETTI

Glenwood Springs, Colo.

FOREMAN'S FIVE

Sir:

After viewing the "fight" between George Foreman and the Twinkie-for-lunch-hunch five (So *FOUR* CARD, May 5), I'm now convinced that some people in professional boxing have stooped to using tactics found in the Roller Derby and pro wrestling. The only decent punch was a tremendous left hook thrown by a Foreman handler to the jaw of a Jerry Daniels cornerman. As for those people who shelled out their money to see this thing, I'm wondering if they would be interested in buying some stocks I own in a gold mine—under the New York City subway system.

PATRICK CERVANTES

Los Angeles

Sir:

What was George Foreman trying to prove? Who cares if he took on five opponents at one time? I do that every time my wife's relatives come over unexpectedly.

PAUL DUNN

Bloomington, Ill.

LET IT ROLL?

Sir:

I especially enjoyed Clive Gammon's article on the futuristic game (Rollerball, April 21). I doubt that rollerball will ever become a sport, but if it does it wouldn't be any more violent than hockey is right now.

PHIL DENNIS

Bloomfield Hills, Mich.

Sir:

The idea may be a little wild, but it sounds better than Vietnam or World Wars I and II.

JOSEPH H. CHECK JR.

Westlake, Ohio

continued

If Titleist irons can improve a scratch golfer's shots, imagine what they can do for you.

Tests prove scratch golfers miss the exact sweet spot 59% of the time.

They seldom miss it by much. The average golfer would love to hit their "misses." Still, 59% of the time they sacrifice a little yardage and accuracy because they don't "get all of it."

Every "miss" a scratch golfer hits can be improved by Titleist irons. Titleists improve "misses" by giving a boost in yardage and accuracy, and they do this better than any other club.

No other club has applied the strict combination of scientific

research and physics. Titleist has. (And they won't either, because Titleist has the patent pending.)

Titleist's increased power area.

Research showed us most "misses" occur in the higher toe and lower heel areas. By adding

giving you back most of the distance and accuracy you would normally lose.) And not only do you get improved distance and accuracy when you miss with a Titleist iron, you even get that "solid feel."

Refinements.

Although Titleist irons are the best-selling irons in America, we're continually looking for ways to make them better. Here are some things we've done recently:

We've changed the loft slightly on the 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and pitching wedge. Now you get maximum distance on perfect shots, as well as unmatched distance on mis-hits.

We've beveled the leading edge. This allows you to hit it a little fat and still get a good shot. It also gives improved performance under difficult

start and playing conditions.

We've contoured the soles so you can ground the clubs on any line.

And we've provided offset. This allows you to start out with your hands ahead of the ball, so

you'll be sure to end up with your hands ahead of the ball at the moment of impact.

A word to the 14-handicapper.

Titleist irons do the same thing for a 14-handicapper they do for a scratch golfer. They just do more of it more often.

More of it: If you're a 14-handicapper,

you usually miss the sweet spot by a greater margin than the scratch golfer. You need an even bigger boost in yardage and accuracy. And Titleist irons give it to you.

More often: Where the scratch golfer misses the sweet spot 59% of the time, you, dear friend, miss it 80% of the time.

ACUSHNET GOLF EQUIPMENT

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Titleist irons improve most of your shots. The perfect ones they leave alone.

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If you don't want to receive advertising mail, there's a simple, effective way to stop most of it. Just contact the Direct Mail/Marketing Association (DMMA), a group representing businesses that use mail to advertise their products and services, and they'll send you a name-removal form. Your name will then be removed from the lists of many DMMA member companies who conduct most large-scale mail advertising campaigns.

Think you want to be taken off mailing lists?

According to Robert DeLay, President of the DMMA, people who take steps to get their names removed from mailing lists, later decide maybe it isn't so bad after all when they think of what they would be missing. Such as catalogs, new product samples, chances at sweepstakes and cents-off coupons.

MPS also enables you to be added to lists.

However, if you feel you don't get your fair share of mail offers, the DMMA offers another service to get your name on lists so you'll receive more offers in special interest areas such as crafts, books, sports, investments, clothing, travel and gardening. If you want to take advantage of either of these services offered by the DMMA, simply send the coupon below.



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15TH HOLE (Continued)

Sir:

I think that your article on rollerball was good, but for rollerball to become a sport there definitely will have to be some rule changes banning most of the violence, as Clive Gammon suggested.

FRANK ROSE

East Hartford, Conn.

Sir:

Here we are in the midst of the NHL and WHA playoffs, not to mention the NBA and ABA, and you have the unmitigated gall to devote five pages to a review of *Rollerball*? What is your act, movies or sports?

ARTHUR M. SHOFELTZER JR.

Alexandria, Va.

PLACE TO STAY

Sir:

We enjoyed Anna Verschoth's article (SHOWBIZ, April 21) on tickets and accommodations for the 1976 Montreal Olympics, except for the last paragraph where she failed to mention the fact that Lake Placid, site of the 1980 Winter Olympic Games, with well over 10,000 beds, is also a two-hour drive from Montreal via four-lane express highways most of the way. We anticipate that Montreal's 1976 Summer Olympics will be a boon for Lake Placid's 1976 summer business as was Expo when many guests stayed at Lake Placid and commuted to Montreal daily—the best of two worlds!

NORMAN L. HESS
Counsel

Lake Placid XIII Winter Olympic Games Organizing Committee

Lake Placid, N.Y.

SILENT PRAISE

Sir:

Your recent SCORE-90 item about the three college basketball players who played on the same high school team, and a subsequent letter (March 31), stirred memories of my own school-age super team.

In 1959 I was a reserve guard on the Holy Family Catholic Youth Organization team, in the Lawrenceville section of Pittsburgh. We swept to the CYO championship with a record of 49-0, winning our closest game by 12 points.

This was accomplished primarily by our starting five of Baykowski, Pjanowski, Swicki, Slattina and Cygnatowicz, which leads me to believe that we may have achieved a distinction unrivaled by any championship team at any level. We not only were unbeaten, we went unopposed!

RON SENARAC

Dayton

Address editorial mail to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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And to make life even easier for you, our 17" and 19" models have something called "Lumisponder"—which automatically adjusts the brightness and contrast depending on the light in the room.

But even more important is the fact that

the picture you're looking at is a Sony Trinitron picture. The difference being our unique "one-gun, one-lens" system. While other sets project their pictures through three small lenses, Trinitron uses one large lens. And the larger the lens, the sharper the focus.

(To give you an idea of just how incredible a Sony really is, the closed-circuit picture on the screen in this ad is for *real*—not "simulated" the way it is in other ads. And it's unretouched.)

To really explain all the benefits of Sony Trinitron requires a little more space than we have in this ad. So we suggest you send for our 12-page pamphlet. Or stop in at your nearest Sony dealer for a demonstration.

You might want to bring your checkbook, though. Sonys have a way of making adults feel like kids in a toy store.

NOW YOU CAN TAKE BIG SONYS TO BED WITH YOU TOO.

Model KV-1930R Trinitron with remote control 19" measured diagonally.



"IT'S A SONY."

A close-up photograph of a man wearing a cowboy hat, looking intensely at the camera while lighting a cigarette with a lighter. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting his face and the hat.

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where the
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